MYSTERY MAGAZINE

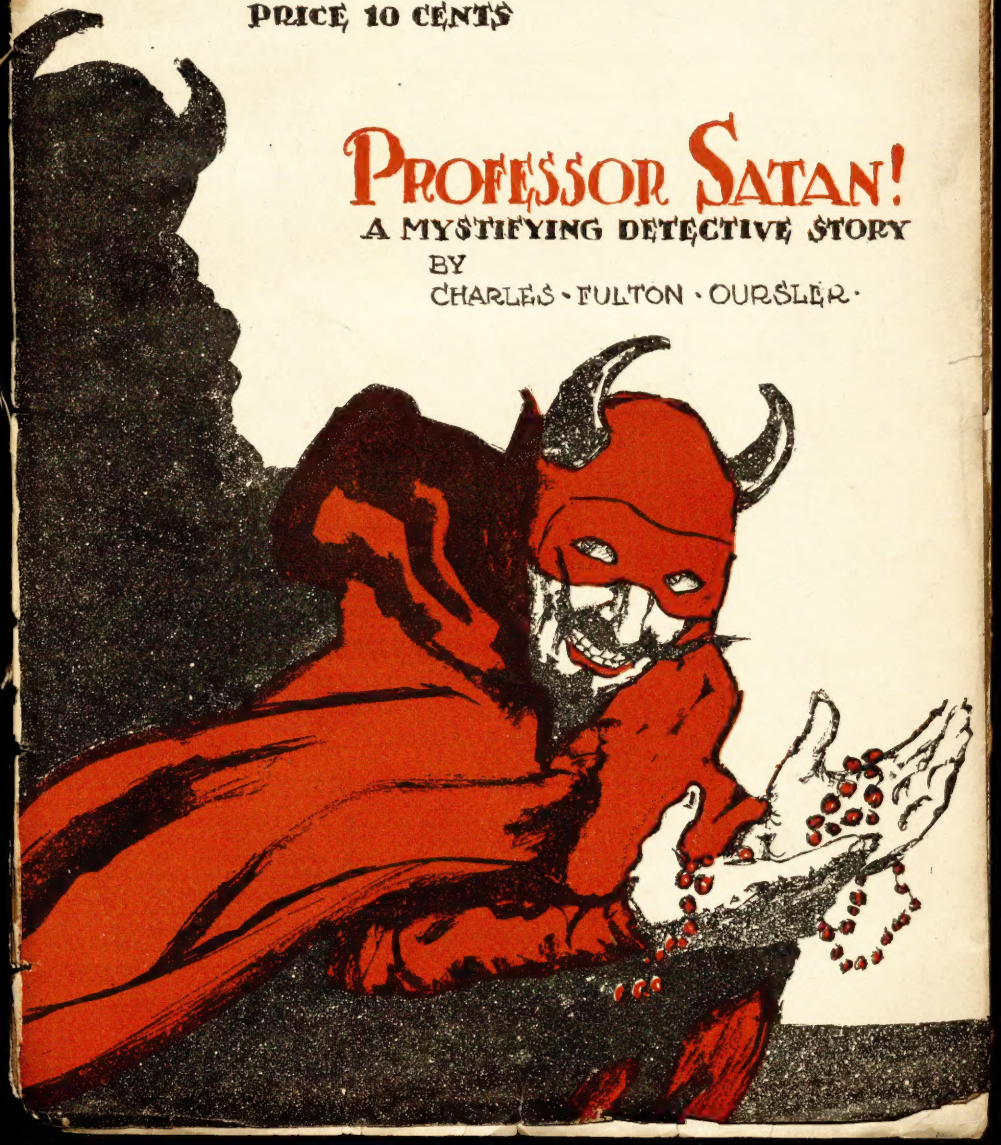
VOL. IV No 81 MARCH 15, 1921
PRICE 10 CENTS

PROFESSOR SATAN!

A MYSTIFYING DETECTIVE STORY

BY

CHARLES · FULTON · OURSLER ·



No. 82 Will Contain the Story, "Who Killed McNally?" By Beulah Poynter

MYSTERY MAGAZINE

Vol. IV. MARCH 15, 1921. No. 81

Copyright, 1921, by Frank Tousey, Publisher, New York. All rights reserved. Entered as Second-Class Matter November 5, 1917, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published Twice a Month by
FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher
168 West 23d Street, New York
N. Hastings Wolff, Pres. E. Byrne, Treas.
Charles E. Nylander, Sec.

LU. SENARENS, Editor

NOTICE—No letters will be answered or manuscripts returned unless accompanied by sufficient postage. The publishers disclaim responsibility for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts. Authors must name price wanted for submitted material.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

Domestic, Single Copy	10 Cents
Domestic, Yearly	$2.50
Canada	$2.75
Foreign	$3.00

All remittances should be sent by express money order, P. O. order, check, registered letter, or draft to insure safety. We will not be responsible for money sent otherwise.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

FEATURE STORY
PROFESSOR SATAN. By Charles Fulton Oursler 1

SHORT STORIES
THE PASSING OF DUTCH SAM. By John Gottlieb Jacobs 12
THE DAY OF RECKONING. By Allan K. Shackleton 17
IN THE BLOOD. By Edward P. Kendrick.. 20
EXPOSING THE OCEAN SHARPERS. By A. Oakley Hale 23

MISCELLANEOUS MATTER
MIGHTIER THAN HIMALAYAS..... 16
GRAVES ARE ILLUMINATED..... 22
FAILED TO BRING DEAD BACK TO LIFE 25

CURRENT NEWS
Girl of Eight Stowaway—Thieves Were Fooled in Ancient Royal "Gems"—Infant Prodigy—Skulls of Prehistoric Race Found on Island—Psychonalysis Latest Remedy for All Worries—Finds a Real Paradise—Mother Earth's Age is 500,000,000 Years—Analysis of Traditional Ghosts 26

PROFESSOR SATAN

A MYSTIFYING DETECTIVE STORY

By CHARLES FULTON OURSLER

CHAPTER ONE

A DEVIL OF A CHANCE

"I DO wish, Ethel, you yould look less like a widow and more like a girl on the eve of your engagement," snapped Mrs. Dumont Oakley of S.

She allowed her ample form, encased in a flowered morning gown of enormous proportions, to settle back in a vast and comfortable chair, while she surveyed her daughter haughtily. Her fat hands folded tightly around a ribboned package, while she frowned, and pursed her lips, and gave other evidence of stout and middle-aged feminine displeasure.

The slender, graceful girl, with the wealth of dark hair and dusk-pool eyes, who sat at an escritoire opposite, idly opening a pile of morning letters, drew her delicate form to lines more erect, and there was bitterness in her voice as she replied:

"The engagement is none of my making, mother. The marriage will be none of mine. I have done what you asked in accepting the man you picked out for me. Do not expect me to be happy over it!"

Mrs. Dumont Oakley of S.—the same lady who arbitrarily settled the social destinies of the fashionable suburb of Ferndale; the majestic personage whose name was just as important at Newport as it was at Ferndale; the imperious dowager, who ruled her social vortex as she ruled her own home—grew more irritable at the un-

reasonable reply of her unreasonable daughter.

"Happy over it!" she echoed in an exasperated treble. "Good God! Why aren't you happy over it? Do you mean to tell me you are still nursing that infantile notion you once held for that pauper—that person by the name of Blaze?"

As her mother spoke thus bitterly, Ethel's eyes were looking at a portrait on the tiny desk before which she was seated. It was the picture of a middle-aged man with thin hair which, together with the narrow, dagger-tipped mustaches, had received, just about the time the photographer came around, the most meticulous attention of a barber. Even the pictured eyes seemed to be watery and uncertain, and all the art of the retoucher could not remove the weakness of the sagging lips. With an exclamation of disdain, Ethel seized the picture and held it before her.

"Beside this man," she said scornfully, "whose name you are making me take, Fred Blaze is more than a man—he's a giant!"

"Paugh!" exclaimed Mrs. Dumont Oakley of S. "Ethel, you shock me! That you should sit there and contrast Sir Norville Lawton, the man whose wife you have promised to be, with that pusillanimous, insignificant little nobody, Fred Blaze, is getting on my nerves, Ethel—it's getting on my nerves. On the day of your engagement reception, too!"

Ethel rose from her chair and walked quietly over to her mother's side.

"I am going through with it," she said, a hard note disfiguring the musical quality of her voice. "I promised you I would, and I shall. But understand me—it is only because there is nothing else to do. In spite of all that you proved to me about Fred Blaze, I—I am foolish enough to care even now. And if I live to be a thousand years old I shall never love Sir Norville Lawton; there now!"

Mrs. Dumont Oakley of S. lifted one elephantine hand from a package she held so carefully. "You'll learn to love him soon enough. He's a dear boy, Ethel—I think you don't understand him, that is all. And now, look here—look what you are to wear at the reception to-night!"

Her pudgy fingers fumbled with the knotted ribbons and got them free. As the paper fell away, she pressed a concealed spring in a box of purple plush, and the cover leaped up, revealing a dazzling surprise.

"What is that?" cried Ethel.

Weary and heart-sick as the mother must have noticed that she was, yet Ethel was a woman, too, and the woman was never born that would not have been shocked at the blazing rainbow glitter of the jewels so suddenly revealed. On the satin lining of the jewel case there lay a necklace of alternate rubies and diamonds—gems, every one of them, worthy to be fitted to the scepter of an Oriental ruler. Pendant from the center hung a single glowing pearl, the size of a pigeon's egg.

"Where did they come from?" gasped Ethel, looking upon the shimmering glitter in fascinated amazement.

Mrs. Dumont Oakley of S. smiled.

"These are the Oakley of S. family jewels," she said, with a proud curl of her lip. "For three hundred years they have descended in direct succession to the first bride of the family. They came to my mother on her betrothal day, and when your father and I gave our engagement reception, they came to me. To-night, you shall wear them—and some day you will give them to your daughter."

Ethel reached forth a trembling hand and lifted the precious trinket until the dancing red and golden glimmers flashed through her small fingers like an enchanted cascade.

"I wear these to-night!" she said, in a voice hushed and incredulous. "Often I have heard of our family jewels—but you have never let me see them before!"

"You must be exceedingly careful with them," said Mrs. Oakley sharply. "They are tempting bait for the most desperate thieves. They are worth a great fortune and——"

"Madame!"

The Oakley of S. family butler stood reverently in the doorway, his hands properly to his thighs, his head inclined forward at just the proper angle. He was a new butler, recently come to the Ferndale estate, but he was surely well behaved. He didn't stop dead at sight of the necklace of rubies and diamonds and pearl; nor did one finger twitch. He simply stood there and said "Madame!"

"What is it?" demanded Mrs. Oakley, drawing the necklace back hastily and replacing it in the box. "What is it, Simon?"

"A gentleman from police headquarters, ma'am!"

"From *where?*"

"Police headquarters, ma'am!"

"Nonsense! Talking to a common policeman would get on my nerves, Simon, dreadfully. It simply can't be done. Tell him to go!"

"Yes, ma'am. I told him that. But he stayed."

"He stayed?"

Mrs. Oakley of S found, for a moment, such a story impossible of belief. The man had been ordered out and wouldn't go!

"Tell him I say to leave the premises immediately—that we have private detectives to guard our valuables for to-night's affair," she said after a moment, and turned languidly back, a remark to Ethel trembling on her tongue.

"That doesn't make a hit with me, Mrs. Oakley. I'm here to talk to you!"

No, that wasn't the butler talking. Heavens and horrors, no! Simon was too seasoned a butler to talk to a lady like that. In fact, he nearly toppled out of his dignity when he heard it himself—and Mrs. Oakley wabbled around in her chair and got purple in the face with speechless indignation.

Someone had suddenly appeared beside Simon the butler. He was a tall and broad-shouldered young gentleman, with a face that was kindly and yet had a business air about it, too, that would look sufficiently impressive in a show-down. He was smiling now, and though his briskly uttered remark had been directed toward the dowager, his eyes were sparkling and his lips were smiling at Ethel.

"Fred!"

Almost a moan of pain, almost a cry of glad welcome, the name sprang from Ethel's lips before she was aware it was spoken.

"Fred Blaze, from police headquarters. At your service!" the man returned, with a little laugh, and turning, bowed to Mrs. Oakley.

"Ethel, leave the room!" commanded Mrs. Oakley.

"No, please!" Fred Blaze turned anxiously toward the old lady, and went on rapidly. "It is very important that your daughter should hear what I have to say. Highly important. My business here is official, Mrs. Oakley, and much as you may dislike to talk with me personally, it is very necessary that you——"

"Ethel, leave the room," repeated Mrs. Oakley heavily.

"Mr. dear Mrs. Oakley," protested Fred earnestly, "I am sure that you do not wish——"

"Ethel——"

"Your daughter kidnapped!"

"You may remain," finished Mrs. Oakley suddenly, as a frightened look crossed her face. "Simon, leave the room!"

Fred held no brief for Simon, and Simon left the room. Then Mrs. Oakley demanded to know what he meant by suggesting kidnapping in the same breath with her daughter, while Ethel, the first galvanizing shock of recognition passed, had seated herself, staring vacantly at the floor.

"Mrs. Oakley," began Fred briskly, "I am here, not to steal your daughter, as you seem to apprehend. I am not here as the boy you took such a dislike to years ago. I am here as a detective. Have you ever heard of ——"

He lowered his voice, and glanced carefully at the door to see if the butler were out of his earshot.

"Have you ever heard of Professor Satan?"

"Of whom?"

The old lady tried to put glacial frigidity and hauteur into her answer, but as she later confessed, Fred's manner of speaking was getting "on her nerves!"

"Professor Satan!" repeated Fred. "The most daringly original criminal of the last hundred years!"

"Never!" And the way Mrs. Oakley said that showed that her acquaintance with criminals was nil—utterly and completely nil.

"Well," breezed on Fred enthusiastically, "he is the king of them all! Surely you must have heard of him. He has operated at a dozen affairs this season—and it's only half over. At the Symington dinner—when old Mrs. Duframe wore her emeralds—he popped up suddenly as if from nowhere—a red-cloaked devil, horns, tail, mask, everything—and got those emeralds before one could say 'League of Nations!' He seemed to appear out of the air—one, two, three—and there he was, just like that! His long, slender fingers—everyone agrees that he has them—just reached out and snatched the jewels and presto! the devil was gone!"

"Gracious!" ejaculated Mrs. Oakley, squirming in her chair. "I didn't read it in any of the papers!"

"Squelched. The papers have kept dark on the whole business for once—it's too blamed serious to fool with. We've got to nail that bird. He showed up at the dinner to the Prince of Wales at Mrs. Haffenwell's and got a trunkful of stuff there. He was at the wedding of Amy Lastor, and took her engagement ring right off her finger! Oh, he's a busy boy!"

"You're getting on my nerves," complained Mrs. Oakley, weakly. "What do you want, man? Do you think he's hiding here?"

"Well——"

Fred paused, enjoying the effect he was making on the old lady, who disliked him so. Then, more seriously, he bent forward and said steadily:

"It is the custom of this infernal fellow to write a letter to the police, telling them just what he intends to do before he does it. He always does just what he says, and the police have so far been unable to catch him. He——"

Fred paused and drew a folded sheet of reddish paper, heavily perfumed, from his pocket.

"We got this note this morning," he said slowly. "In it he declares he will be here to-night—and that he's going to get your family diamond and ruby necklace!"

CHAPTER TWO

HORNS AND TAIL AND—

PLAINLY, the information was getting on the nerves of Mrs. Oakley of S.

In stodgy silence she stared at Fred for a moment, and then her emotions found expression in an outburst of irritation.

"What do you come up here to spoil my reception for?" she demanded unreasonably. "And if they had to send a detective, why didn't they send a real one? I know you, and you are about the last thing in the world I'd pick for a detective!"

Fred smiled. He had a most amiable smile. He might have told her that at headquarters he was universally regarded as the coming man; that the amazing victories he had won over criminals in the last three years had put him head and shoulders above every other man in the de-

partment; and that it was because of his amazing and uncanny skill in matching wits against brainy crooks that he had been picked for this particular job. But, being a modest young fellow, Fred said nothing whatever about it. Disliking him as she did, it is doubtful whether Mrs. Oakley would have believed him anyhow.

"Well!" she exploded, after a pause of solemn silence, "now that you *are* here, what am I supposed to do with you?"

Fred smiled again. He had remarkably fine teeth; Ethel noticed it again now, and remembered how, in the glad, olden days, she had always liked Fred's teeth.

"You are to give me the complete run of your house," he said. "You are to allow me to talk to your guests freely. You are not to let any one know that I am a detective. You are to furnish me a list of your guests, and tell me all that I ask that you possibly can tell me about them. That is about all, I think!"

Grumbling to herself, Mrs. Oakley made ready to comply. Ethel brought her a guest list, and rapidly she clicked off the names, pausing now and then to answer a few questions which Fred put to her. The list sounded like an *excerpt de luxe* from the social blue book. Most of the names were entirely familiar to Fred, but in one he seemed particularly interested.

"Who is this Rev. James Hamilton Pettigrew that you mention?" he asked.

"And old friend of Norrie's—from England," the mother of Ethel returned grandly.

"And who is Norrie?" asked Fred naively.

"The affianced husband of my daughter—Sir Norville Lawton," was Mrs. Oakley's lofty response.

"Hm!" commented Fred. "I think that will be about all. And understand me, I do not wish any one—*any one*—to be told that I am a detective!"

"A detective. Oh, dear me! You don't look like one, I'm sure!"

This drawling, languid sarcasm came from a new voice, located at the doorway. Fred turned impatiently, and instantly he identified the individual who was now bowing with courtly grace to Mrs. Oakley and Ethel as the original of the portrait he had noticed on the dresser. Nor did he need to be a detective to surmise that this was Sir Norville Lawton.

Sir Norville was exceedingly gracious and solicitous about the health of the ladies. Then, with an impudent air of being authoritatively at home, he surveyed Fred through his morning monocle and asked what the bally detective row was all about. In gushing outburst of flapdoodle, Mrs. Oakley explained to her son-in-law-to-be all that Fred had told her.

Sir Norville tugged at his well-manicured mustaches nervously as he listened to her recital, and then faced Fred with a haughty air of amused condescension.

"I say, my fine fellow," he began, "what do you propose to do between now and dinner time? —or better, between now and the reception?"

"Interview people from whom I hope to get valuable information," replied Fred, grinning.

"And with whom will you begin?"

"With you—right now!"

The monocle nearly toppled from Sir Norville's eye, and he fumbled foolishly with the cord.

"What in the world do you expect to learn from me?" he demanded, aghast.

"One can never tell," replied Fred, ignoring the frown of Mrs. Oakley and the tense, interested air of Ethel. "Do I understand correctly, Sir Norville, that you are merely a gentleman of leisure—or do you follow any particular pursuit?"

"I?" Sir Norville hesitated. "Why, I—I study certain specialties in therapeutics, you know!"

"Yes. Would you mind telling me just what specialties?"

"Why—I am particularly interested in the study of vocal disturbances, and particularly loss of speech. I believe dumbness, as the common people know it, is much misunderstood. Often there is a deep scientific mystery hidden behind its outward seeming. I——"

"Yes, indeed, thanks," cut in Fred abruptly. "I am much obliged to you. And now, Mrs. Oakley, I hope you will pardon me. I am just going to ramble around your premises—preferably unaccompanied. I want to get the lay of the land, you see. And, by the way, 'Sir Norrie'"—Fred hesitated, until he had trained upon him the full glare of the monocle—"there is one peculiar trait about our friend, Professor Satan. Whenever he appears, people try to scream for help—but something seems to happen to their vocal cords, and they can't make a sound. By some mysterious process, his victims are stricken dumb!"

Utter silence greeted this statement. Fred smiled whimsically, looked straight into Mrs. Oakley's eyes and said:

"Dear Mrs. Oakley, you have fibbed about me! You told your daughter some fairy tales about me. I know! You had our family history traced back, and found that there were a succession of lunatics hanging from the branches of my family tree. Every other generation or so. And then you dished up some stories that made her believe I was dippy. Dippy, I may explain to Sir Norrie, in the American language means bughouse—cuckoo—you know! Well—to-night will tell who is looney! But in the meantime this little bit of byplay may convince you, and your daughter and Sir Norrie, that I *am* out of my right mind—particularly when I tell you it is essential, if we are to capture Professor Satan!"

While they stared at him blankly, he drew from his pocket a tiny tube of shining metal, about three inches long, perforated with two small holes. This he placed to his lips and blew. A shrieking, shrill note was the result, much like the sound of a baby steam siren. Fred blew until he was red in the face.

"I thank you!" he said, bowing smartly. "It didn't work—that time!"

Turning, he stalked out of the room and they heard him hurriedly descending to the floor below.

Mrs. Oakley whirled upon her daughter as fast as her two hundred and thirty-five pounds of humanity would permit.

"There!" she puffed. "Are you satisfied now that he is crazy?"

But Ethel, without so much as a glance at the monocled, oggling Sir Norrie, had swept silently from the room.

When Mrs. Oakley of S. set out to give her daughter an engagement reception, the social world was bound to sit up and observe In the matter of entertainment, Mrs. Oakley was there with chimes on. No one could take the leadership from her; it had been tried, but it simply couldn't be done. And now Mrs. Oakley of S. was ready to do her best.

Only the insistent paper shortage is an excuse for cutting the description which the decoration of her mansion that evening warranted. Two columns would not be sufficient for a list of the famous personages who were there. And the admirals, the generals, the artists, the authors, the statesmen, the millionaires, and the languishing, lovely ladies who moved under the blossomed roofs, amid the palms and the fragrance of rare Oriental roses and exotic flowers from strange and far-away places, admitted, one and all, that Mrs. Oakley of S. had measured up to the occasion.

The popular Jazz Symphony Orchestra, which was all the rage that season, had been engaged, and its leader, the long-haired, coquettish Professor Pasquinelli, was to perform two divine solos, to give the dancers time to rest.

Ethel, pale and tired, stood at the head of Mrs. Oakley's huge private ballroom, beside the affable and happy Sir Norrie, who had on his evening monocle, with his other evening things, and who held his fingers at an angle of thirty-seven degrees north when he shook hands. Around the beautifully moulded neck of Ethel was draped the crimson and golden glitter of the far-famed Oakley family jewels.

Private detectives to the number of ten were here, there and everywhere, as well as nowhere, so far as the unpracticed eyes of the guests were concerned. But Fred Blaze, chatting amiably with a youthful vampire with golden hair and innocent blue eyes the size of tea-saucers, reflected as he watched their self-conscious movements that any thief could recognize them with one eye put out and the other suffering from acute blindness. Fred, you see, had that contempt of the private operatives which is one of the first things a man learns on the force.

But Fred was forced to admit that he saw no sign of any human being that might by any wild stretch of imagination be considered Professor Satan in disguise.

Nevertheless, he was keeping his eyes on Ethel. He would have done that anyhow, detective or no detective, but now he had a double reason. He loved her; never so madly as now, that he stood there, helpless, while fawning fools in skirts and in trousers ambled up to shake hands and tell her how happy they hoped she would be—with Norrie and his monocle!

So near and yet so far! Fred never knew how true a trite old screed like that could be until now. There stood the girl he had loved all his life—affianced to a monocled jackass! And he must stay and watch to see that no one stole her pretty, precious, priceless bauble. That was all Fred Blaze amounted to, in her eyes!

There was dancing, as Fred hovered near by watching. When Ethel and Sir Norville Lawton launched out on a tingly one-step, he hastily secured a partner, and drifted closely behind—ever near, if Professor Satan should bob up to keep his promise. Whoever that daring, bafflingly original might be, he had a reputation for always keeping his promises. And Fred felt in his bones he would not fail to appear this evening. He kept as close to Ethel as he dared, without attracting undue attention.

The one-step over, there was a rest, while the renowned Pasquinelli essayed a solo. Fred, being a lover of music, listened rapturously, though his eyes seldom left Ethel and her fiancé. Though he had organized a company of jazz jumpers, this Pasquinelli was, himself, an artist—a case of art surrendering to the crassest kind of commercialism. During the dancing, he would urge on his merry men to thump and bang and slam and hit and crash and jangle to the limit of endurance, but now that he brooded over his violin, and drew the bow lovingly across its strings, no one there but knew him to be a real musician, with the soul of poetry. He was playing the old loved "Serenade" of Schubert. Its haunting, familiar melody stole out over the suddenly silenced room—for once society people stopped talking long enough to listen to music—and its eager, pleading cadences rose and fell divinely. No cheap fiddler was this Pasquinelli—he played on, as the music grew more amorous, more ardent, more compelling in the sheer beauty of its tender crooning—and under the spell of it Fred Blaze for one moment closed his eyes as if in deep thought.

Higher soared the ecstatic thrilling of the happy strings, as the musician poured into his music all the fervor of his being. Then the long, throbbingly sweet closing passage that threw over the sentimental young detective's heart a witching spell. His lost love tormented him with bitter-sweet poignancy, and with a heavy sigh he opened his eyes as the music died away—opened his eyes to behold an astounding, incredible sight.

Professor Satan had appeared!

Cloaked in crimson, hooded, but with black horns projecting through, tailed with a spear-tipped appendage—tall, majestic, domineering

behind his scarlet mask, he stood before Ethel Oakley.

In his first startled glance, Fred photographed the entire situation in his mind. There were the guests, grouped in startled poses, staring at the flaming apparition of the devil-man. There was the chalk-faced Mrs. Dumont Oakley of S. half paralyzed with dread, almost fainting in a chair. There was Ethel, wide-eyed with fright, staring back at the creature who bowed low before her.

Where was Sir Norville Lawton? Why had he not come to Ethel's aid. In that first, shocked instant Fred looked for him. But Sir Norville evidently had gone elsewhere; he was not to be seen.

A moment Fred paused. It occurred to him astonishing that now that the music was over there was no sound. That the guests remained silent did not so much puzzle him. They did not know of the sinister plans of Professor Satan—perhaps had never heard of him. But Ethel and her mother knew. Yet neither cried for help from the ten private detectives who seemed, curiously, to have disappeared.

Still remaining where he was, Fred did an outlandish thing.

Reaching into his pocket, he drew out the tiny metal tube and put it between his lips. He blew a shrill blast upon it—and the result was instantaneous.

Simultaneously from the lips of Ethel Oakley and her almost swooning mother came shrill cries for help. And the astonished guests, knowing now that this was no pre-arranged part of the evening's fun, screamed with them in a shrill chorus.

At the same time, the red-cloaked Professor Satan took a step forward, reached out a long and slender hand and seized the necklace at Ethel's throat. With a rough tug, he broke the chain and caught the dropping brilliants in his cupped palms. Then, with a satanic laugh, he thrust them inside his cloak and turned as if to depart.

Apparently he did not see the rushing figure that silently sped down upon him. Fred had waited until the man had done his crime; until the stolen necklace was actually on his person. Then he went for him.

Like a rush of wind he hurled himself across the dance floor and flung himself upon the fiend.

But he was a second too late.

With a yell of laughter, the devil whirled and darted just beyond reach of Fred's outflung arms. In another instant he had darted behind a cluster of palms—and when Fred hurled himself furiously through them his groping hands seized empty air.

Professor Satan had made good his boast. He had stolen the necklace, and now he had disappeared.

CHAPTER THREE

A LOW murmur of astonishment, dismay, almost horror, ran through the startled group of shivering guests.

They knew now that this was no merry masquerade arranged by their hostess. Robbery had been done before their eyes—and the thief had melted away into nothingness, as if, indeed, he were what he garbed himself to represent—the devil!

Mrs. Dumont Oakley of S. found her voice at last, and by a natural reaction took refuge in rage. With almost joyous ferocity she turned on Fred Blaze.

"A detective!" she cried shrilly. "You've showed us what you are, young man! Leave my house! And tell the police if they had sent a real detective here they might have caught that highwayman! Oh—oh—get out! Leave instantly!"

But Fred merely smiled and showed his fine teeth and toyed with his little blow-pipe.

"Pardon me," he said gently. "You have overlooked something very important. It happens that I am in authority here just at this moment—in fact, I am sorry to find it necessary to remind every one present that I represent the police—that a crime has been committed—and that you must all do as I say until I release you!"

"The impudence!" gasped Mrs. Oakley, looking desperately around at her guests. And then she spied a nonchalant figure, rounding one entrance of the ballrooom and pausing to adjust his monocle as he took in the scene. It was Sir Norville Lawton!

"Norrie!" cried Mrs. Oakley. "Where have you been? Oh, do come here and put this——"

"Come right in, sir," interrupted Fred briskly. "Just take your place at the end of that line there. I'll come to you presently."

Sir Norville strode forward majestically. He paused, very erect, in front of Fred, who towered over him a good six inches, and folding his arms, asked angrily:

"I say, what does this mean? This is a bit thick, you know. I'll have one of the servants eject you!"

Again Fred smiled—a wise smile that ought to have told Sir Norville much. Then, ignoring him, Fred continued:

"I want no one to leave this room. I want you"—pointing to a group of startled lackeys in the outer hall—"to bring chairs in here for every one. Be quick about it. And then I want every one to sit down and be good!"

And then, while the servants were making a great howdy-do about getting enough chairs in the ballroom to accommodate all those guests, Fred stood by easily, ignoring the noble fiancé of Ethel, who was promising Mrs. Oakley what he was going to do to Fred in just a moment or two. Once, while he was waiting, Fred put his blow-pipe to his lips and tentatively blew one or two sharp, wailing notes which caused Mrs. Oak-

ley to cast glances of savage conviction at the dazed and astonished Ethel.

Finally all the guests were seated, and Fred, mounting the platform where so recently the great Pasquinelli had been playing the Schubert "Serenade," he addressed the assembled company, more like a genial toast-master than a detective.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began. "You have all seen what has occurred. You know that a grotesque but highly successful robbery has been committed in the presence of us all. Professor Satan committed the robbery. Many of you have never heard of Professor Satan. However, the police are quite well acquainted with him and his methods. He has a habit of notifying us when he intends to pull off a robbery—and then, no matter how closely we may guard the premises he threatens, he commits the crime and gets away. That is what took place just a few moments ago.

"Perhaps you observed one highly essential factor in this connection—that while the red-robed devil-man was taking the jewels from the throat of Miss Ethel Oakley, no one made a sound. It was as if every one were stricken dumb. This is a peculiar factor in all Professor Satan's affairs. He strikes his victims dumb by some strange power of his own, nad makes it impossible for them to cry for assistance. As the representative of the police department here to-night, I want to assure you that the career of Professor Satan as a criminal is at an end. I am about to capture him!"

And Fred, still smiling, bowed slightly, as if he were still a toastmaster, about to introduce the prize speaker of the evening.

No detective, in fiction or out, ever acted like this before. Fred spoke lightly, boyishly, almost as if he were not taking the entire matter seriously. Yet to Ethel, who watched him so closely, so yearningly from her place between her indignant, puffing mother and the wrathy Norrie, there was evident an undercurent of fierce excitement in the young man. He was about to spring a big coup. This lightness of manner covered what was really a seething cauldron of soul clamor which the youthful detective was fighting to conceal. And Ethel was rooting for him silently; praying that he would win out—for Ethel, though bargained to another, loved him never so much as now!

A murmur of questioning interest ran through the guests as Fred paused, but he held up his hand to enjoin silence.

"I further wish to explain," continued Fred, "before proceeding with the real business of the evening, that secreted in this house, unknown to any one—even to our hostess—twelve of my assistants have been hiding all evening, waiting and watching for what they knew was bound to happen. We have taken no chances with Professor Satan. He is among us now—and I tell him, before I expose him—here and now—that escape for him is impossible; that I am now about to track him down, and that his every avenue of escape is cut off!"

From one to another the guests glanced nervously. Could it be possible that among them there was such a daring criminal as this preposterous Professor Satan had proved himself to be? It seemed monstrous, such an idea. Yet Fred was still smiling there on the musician's platform—and there was the certain flame of triumph in his eyes.

"You may not like my way of conducting things," he resumed. "You may ask why I adopt such a peculiar course as I have elected to follow this evening. But I warn you—one and all—I have a purpose for everything that I do!"

As he paused, a chair scraped squeakingly and a figure in evening dress and monocle arose. It was Norrie.

"Excuse me, my fine fellow," he said loftily, "I should like to remain for the rest of the performance, but really, you know, I am insufferably bored. I am going out for a smoke!"

And again Fred smiled and stood still without a word. With a triumphant glance around him, Sir Norville turned on his heel and strode toward the open and apparently unguarded entrance. And then a strange thing happened. One of the festooned draperies seemed to rend asunder and a man with a leveled revolver stepped out. His revolver was aimed perfectly at Sir Neville's little forehead.

"Don't shoot him!" said Fred pleasantly. "I shall need him a little later on!"

Sir Norville gave a shrug of his shoulders and lounged with ill grace back to the chair. He tried to say something to Ethel, but she waved him aside in annoyance. But Norrie found an eager listener and comforter in Mrs. Oakley until Fred ordered silence. When complete quiet had been obtained, Fred spoke.

"Where is the Rev. James Hamilton Pettigrew?" he boomed.

A moment's deathly stillness; then the squaking scrape of a chair leg. A skinny little figure rose to the perpendicular, and a cavernous voice, loud like an umpire's, called out:

"I'm here, sir!"

"Come right up in front where we can all see you," invited Fred, still smiling that inscrutable smile which Ethel was seeking silently to fathom. The skinny little figure in an ill-fitting dress suit shambled up the aisle, and at Fred's further pressing mounted the platform.

He made a most melancholy spectacle as he stood there—a cadaverous, liver-faced fellow, with eyes too small and nose too twisted and ears too big—far too big. He was very solemn and exceedingly dignified.

"This is an indignity!" he complained.

"Exactly!" Fred agreed. "But you will not be detained much longer. Are you an American?"

"I am not. I am an Englishman!"

"An English clergyman?"

"By the grace of God, yes, sir."

"How long have you been in this country?"

"About six months. I resigned my charge because of ill health and came to America to join Sir Norville Lawton. For the last three months I have been a house guest of Mrs. Oakley. In fact, I have looked forward to the pleasure of performing the——"

"Now stop right there!" interposed Fred grimly. The Rev. James Hamilton Pettigrew was approaching a sore subject with Fred, and the young detective didn't care to lose his temper at this stage of the game.

"You came over six months ago," he repeated musingly. "Now, that is interesting. Did you ever hear of Dr. Gordon Thane?"

"Never! Never! Never!"

The Rev. James Hamilton Pettigrew thwacked both his yellow hands together to emphasize his denial. He wanted it well understood that he had never heard of Dr. Gordon Thane, whoever that physician might be.

"The great alienist—the specialist in insanity. Try to think!" prompted Fred, noting with secret amusement the glazed glance of fear that had come into the eyes of Mrs. Oakley.

"Never! Never! Never!" thundered Pettigrew the reverend.

"Yes, thank you!" conceded Fred amiably. "We'll pass that, then, for a second. But did you ever hear of Jerry, the Slammer?"

"Never! Never! Never!"

"Yes, thank you! And did you ever hear——" Fred paused a moment, and bent forward, his smile gone. In its place had come a look of threatening retribution—a cold light of wrath filling his eyes.

"Did you ever hear of—*him!*"

As he spoke, Fred pointed at another of the festooned draperies, and now its curtains parted. Another man stepped out—a rough, red-faced man, with a leveled revolver.

"Hello, Jerry!" shouted this new apparition.

"Detective Blaine of Scotland Yard!" gasped the Rev. James Hamilton Pettigrew, his eyes rolling in terror. "Good lord, you've caught me!"

And before the eyes of the astonished crowd of fashionables and notables, the red-faced English detective whom Fred had secreted in the place ran up and put a neat pair of bracelets on the wrists of the trembling criminal in ministerial garb.

"Is the parson Professor Satan?" squawked Mrs. Oakley, but no one paid any attention to her. For Fred had placed a detaining hand on the arm of his English confrere, and was again addressing the assemblage.

"One of the meanest swindlers in England," he said, with a merry wave of the hand toward the Rev. James Hamilton Pettigrew. "Whether he be Professor Satan or not remains to be found out. But before he passes temporarily from this little stage I am using here, I want to settle another matter. Parson!"

He spoke the word sharply, as he wheeled and faced the prisoner.

"Do you or do you not know of Dr. Gordon Thane?"

"The game's up!" boomed the prisoner dramatically. "What is the use of my longer dissembling. I was Dr. Gordon Thane. I was paid to be him by Sir Norville Lawton! It was just one of my little jokes!"

And lifting his manacled hands, he wiped away a solitary tear from the end of his twisted nose, as the detectives led him to a far corner of the room. Fred was smiling again, as he faced the audience—smiling because he had beheld with a beating and bounding heart the sudden transformation the last few minutes had wrought in Ethel Oakley. It was as if a storm had passed and given way to sunshine—for her eyes were alight with understanding and tears of joy were glistening on her lashes. Fred resolved that before the night was over there were several little matters that were going to be adjusted.

But this was neither the time nor the place for the settlement of that dear little mystery. That could wait until the more serious part of the program was disposed of—but Fred went to his task now with renewed enthusiasm. Things were going well—almost too well.

"My next witness," he announced with his quiet smile, "will be Sir Norville Lawton!"

That titled member of British aristocracy stared indignantly through his monocle and seemed on the point of refusing—then, remembering his little encounter with the pistoled gentleman at the door, he thought better of it, and rising with great dignity, demanded to know what was wanted of him.

"Come right up here and play with me," said Fred graciously.

Snorting indignantly, Sir Norville obeyed. When Fred had again soothed the buzz of comment that had been created by the capture of the Rev. James Hamilton Pettigrew, he turned to Sir Norville and said:

"Will you be kind enough to tell me why you want to marry Miss Ethel Oakley?"

It was a daring, astounding, unbelievable question. Mrs. Dumont Oakley of S. gasped for air, and even Ethel gave Fred a reproachful glance. But the confident young detective still smiled serenely and waited for his answer.

"You are a beastly cad, sir!" cried the Earl. "I refuse to answer!"

"That is your privilege," conceded Fred evenly. "You may well do so. But I was curious. Another question—have you a good memory?"

"I shall never forget you!" grated Sir Norville bitingly.

"Thanks. I wondered if you would recognize this?"

Fred reached into a hidden pocket and drew out a small piece of cardboard, which he silently passed to Sir Norville. When Lawton had gotten

one glance of it, the watching family and guests knew that Fred had dropped a bombshell.

"Where—where—how—why——" he spluttered, and with an oath that shocked his hearers he tore the cardboard into bits.

"Tear it up!" applauded Fred happily. "I've got a dozen more just like them. Do you remember that photograph, Lawton? It was taken of you when you were a prisoner in Amsterdam for stealing diamonds. You are a thief and a crook and have been one all your life—though you have chopped your eyebrows and shaved your beard and done other little things to make you prettier or uglier. Do you deny it?"

There was a moment's profound silence.

"You beggar! Yes, I deny it—I'll——"

"And do you remember *her?*"

From behind a group of palms stepped another figure—a tall and queenly woman, proud and defiant, but with revenge darkening the fierce gaze she directed straight at the staring nobleman.

"Myra!" shrieked Lawton wildly. "I thought you——"

"Yes," grated Fred, seizing him roughly by the shoulder. "You thought your clever scheme in Petrograd had exiled her to Siberia, to end her days a political prisoner. But that was when there was a Czar in Russia—to-day the Siberian cells are empty. The testimony of that unhappy woman will be enough to send you up for the rest of your life for your many crimes. Take him!"

Mysteriously, another plain-clothes policeman had appeared and solemnly buckled the locks on the wrists of the stricken Sir Norville Lawton. Cursing maudlinly, he was led away, while another kind-faced man went out with the woman who had risen like a specter to accuse him.

Ethel, gone white at what she had witnessed, but proud and happy for all her agitation, could not remove her eyes from the manly, confident figure of the young detective on the rostrum. But Mrs. Oakley was coming up for air.

"Oh, my God!" she howled. "And I've been having that pair of crooks in my house all these months! And this was Ethel's betrothal night—to him!" she shuddered. The old lady was almost hysterical and Ethel soothed her tenderly—far more, in fact, than the old lady deserved. But Ethel knew that her mother's social ambition, her desire to make her daughter a member of the titled aristocracy, had been the cause, and she felt in her heart that from that moment forth her mother was cured of the social pox. Suddenly Mrs. Oakley straightened up and glared at Fred through her tears.

"Was he Professor Devil?" she demanded.

And again Fred smiled his quizzical, whimsical, white-toothed smile. Even if he was acting as no other detective had ever acted before, he was having the time of his life.

"No!"

His voice was hard and stern now, and the smile slowly faded from his face.

"We have caught two criminals for which the foreign police have long been searching," he added, "but the real criminal, the big prize, the delightful but deadly Professor Satan, is yet to be found. And I say to you, my friends, that at this moment he feels entirely safe—entirely undetected—confident that I cannot put my finger on him, but—he will see!"

Enjoying this moment, with all youth's passion for drama, Fred paused. His hands were at his side, empty, defenceless if an attack were made upon him.

"I know who it is! It's my new butler, Simon," rumbled Mrs. Oakley, who couldn't keep out of the picture. Simon was not in view, although all the other servants were clustered, at Fred's orders, in one corner of the room.

"Ladies and gentlemen—behold the real Professor Satan!"

Speaking very quietly, Fred had faced the group of hushed, expectant faces. Then, like a tiger, he had whirled, leaped and sprung upon a writhing, twisting, howling, spitting, fuming, clawing, scratching, knife-reaching wild man.

Hoarse growls of rage, an occasional grunt from Fred and a mad scattering of the horrified musicians, followed, and then down went the two, rolling and pitching and scrambling, knocking over the music stands, upsetting brass horns and precious violins, bumping against the piano legs. First one was on top and then the other, and arms and legs were dancing wildly as they beat and tore and struck and mauled and pulled and rocked and struggled and shook—and then, when Fred was on top, he caught a head in his hands and bounced it loud and hard on the polished floor, and the figure below him lay still.

Then, pausing only to adjust his rumpled tie, Fred reached out his hand. From the shadows back of the grand piano a portly figure appeared. It was Simon, the butler. With a bow of worshipping admiration, and a glance of almost dog-like affection, he handed Fred a set of handcuffs. And they were placed on the quiet wrists of the man on the floor.

"Here lies Professor Satan!" chanted Fred, still grinning through the blood that smeared his face. "And it's been one devil of a chase!"

With murmurs and cries of surprise, the crowd rushed to the platform to look upon the face of the unconscious prisoner. Then they stood, awe-stricken and amazed at the revelation.

It was the renowned violinist Pasquinel"!

CHAPTER FOUR

GIVE THE DEVIL HIS DUE

BY some means or other, the Blinking, dazed Mrs. Oakley of S. got rid of her chattering, excited guests. Was her reception a success? Well, this much is certain—those who had been invited, the admirals and the generals and the

grand dames and the débutantes and the other notables, had been given some entertainment, and an evening they would never forget.

As for Ethel's mother, her universe was in ruins about her head. The admired Rev. James Hamilton Pettigrew, whom she had given free board and lodging as an honored house guest for a matter of months, was a swindler, now in the toils of a representative of Scotland Yard. Her prospective son-in-law, the languidly blasé Sir Norville Lawton, was another swindler: she had contrived to betroth him to her daughter, and he turned out to be a runaway, rascally husband! And the terrible Professor Satan had been captured in her own ballroom.

But there were several mysteries yet to be explained.

For all of her excitement, Mrs. Dumont Oakley of S. was still a woman, endowed with all the native curiosity of her delightful sex. She wanted to know this, and she wanted to know that, and she wanted to know the other. And there was only one person in the world who could tell her anything. That was the impertinent and irrepressible young man who had once aspired to be her son-in-law—and whom she had outwitted by what at the time she had considered a highly successful trick.

Just about now, in remote corners of her mind, Mrs. Oakley was not so sure that the trick had been successful after all.

When all the police had departed, carrying with them stricken members of Pasquinelli's band, to say nothing of the raving Pasquinelli, Pettigrew and his friend, Sir Norville Lawton—when the servants had been shooed away, and there remained in the deserted ballroom none but Ethel, her mother and Fred, the young detective drew up three chairs, arranging them in the form of a narrow triangle.

One of the chairs formed the peak of the triangle. The two others, placed as close together as he could get them, formed the base. In the peak chair, he placed Mrs. Dumont Oakley of S. In one of the base chairs he placed Ethel. He himself took the chair beside her.

"Now that we are all together again," remarked Fred briskly, "I think we might as well get down to brass tacks—because I know you are tired, Mrs. Oakley, and Ethel and I have quite a lot to say to each other!"

He paused, but if he expected a volley from the upset society leader he was mistaken. All the fight was gone from Ethel's mother. She was just there to listen—for once in her life, she was content not to say anything, but just listen to someone else. Only a crisis such as this strange night had produced could have caused such a phenomenon.

"When I was a little neighbor boy around this suburb," began Fred, with just a hint of dream softening his voice, "Ethel and I were sweethearts. You didn't know, then, how she used to run away from her governess and that I taught her how to climb trees and ride horses. I think that is when I first began to love her. Then, when I grew older, she used to let me come to see her, although you never approved. If you hadn't found out my ancestors came over in the Mayflower, you would never have permitted even that. But when you found out it was a case of real love, you got busy. You wanted your daughter to marry *well*—and in your artificial, social world, Mrs. Oakley, 'well' means one of two things—money or title. You didn't need the money. But you wanted a title for your daughter.

"You had heard me talking about wonderful inventions on which I had been working, and that set you thinking. With the connivance of the late lamented Norrie, you set about to investigate my mental condition. You found that one of my great grand cousins was a crazy man. Then you had that dear Norrie have an alienist call on me and give a report. Norrie picked out a fine specimen—the man that Scotland Yard will soon welcome home again. He trumped a fake report stating that I was a lunatic on the subject of inventions—and with that you went to Ethel and naturally everything was all off, then!

"Now you know better. I mention the matter here and now only to get the matter straight. I want you to understand that the inventions on which I have been working have been responsible very largely for my success in the difficult, dangerous and peculiar profession of catching criminals. I have evolved some remarkable crime-detection machines—and for catching Professor Satan I had to evolve a particular instrument that would just fit his case. This is what did the trick!"

Fred held up his little nickled blow-pipe, eyeing it with genuine pride and affection. The look in Mrs. Oakley's face showed clearly that even now she wasn't quite sure whether it was a joke, or Fred was really demented. For she felt quite certain he couldn't mean seriously what he was saying.

"I mean it—every word," Fred assured her, noting this. "I will explain to you what I mean. It was up to me to catch Professor Satan, and I went about the job in my own peculiar way. From the first, two striking points appealed to me, and I firmly believed that if those two points were solved the capture of the criminal should be easy. They were:

"First:—That no matter how well warned the police were, no matter how closely guarded the premises were, no matter what precautions were taken to insure only guests being admitted, Professor Satan managed to be inside.

"Second:—When he committed his thefts, his victims were stricken dumb.

"Solve those problems, I said, and you solve the entire enigma and bag the devil. And as the second one appealed vastly to my scientific inclinations, I tackled it first. And believe me, it was no easy job. I started on the assumption

that nothing could be done to affect the vocal cords. Hypnotism, of course, I discarded, as out of the question under the circumstances. In what, then, could the solution lie?

"Sound! There must be some way of controlling sound! Like an inspiration the thought seemed to come, though of course it was but the result of intensive, logical reasoning. How could a man control sound? I started in to investigate, and after I had found out all I could, unaided, I went to see the best informed sound expert in the world—Professor James Horton, acoustical engineer of the United Wire and Steel Corporation. In the Chicago offices of the company he has the most wonderful laboratory of its kind in the world—particularly with piano wire he has accomplished some astounding results.

"But I did not go to Professor Horton empty-handed. Already in my mind I had worked out a theory—what I wanted was a scientific demonstration of that theory. I spent eleven hours with Horton in his laboratory—and by his aid I proved my theory. It was this: Sound travels in waves, or mountain chains. There are ridges and depressions alternating. Now, if a secondary wave of sound, the exact complement of the other, be started, they will blend, male and female, the one complementing the other and the result will be absolute silence!"

"You mean——" fluttered the astonished Mrs. Oakley.

"I mean that James Horton constructed before my eyes an apparatus to test my theory. Because of its commercial possibilities, he has asked me to keep it a secret. But its effect was this: he struck two notes simultaneously, under certain test conditions and you couldn't hear a tone!"

Fred paused, and sat back, smiling reminiscently.

"The effect," he continued after a moment, "convinced me that I had the big secret of how Professor Satan could strike people dumb. There was but one answer. He had invented some kind of machine—I did not then see what kind—which when one sound was created by an exterior influence, immediately and automatically, because of that sound, created spontaneously its complement—and caused silence. If a woman screamed, her vocal notes would cause to spring from this remarkable instrument the exact complement of that tone, and then there would be no sound at all. The woman could scream her head off and no one could hear her!

"I was satisfied that this was the correct solution of the mystery, and there for the time I stopped. But once the idea was in his head, Professor Horton couldn't stop. In his laboratory he worked night and day until he had completed the task. He actually constructed a machine himself that would do that thing—the model is now in his laboratory. And I am proud to say that I produced an instrument that beat it—this sus[illegible] looking little blow-pipe. For it produces a tone that has no complement; it is a neuter, and no other sound in the world can nullify it. With it tonight I broke the spell.

"But once this solution was arrived at, the next big thing was to identify the original inventor. We had merely rediscovered what Professor Satan had already created. But that soon turned out to be an easy task. Professor Horton told me there was only one man in the world he could imagine who could do such a thing. That man was a Polish violinist and violin maker, who lived in Moscow. The foreign agents of our police were at once put on his trail.

"Without wearying you of what followed, let me come at once to the main issue—we found that the Polish musician had come to America, and was now conducting a Jazz orchestra in New York and its suburbs under the name of Pasquinelli. And when I learned that Pasquinelli's Orchestra played on every occasion that Professor Satan had appeared, I knew I was near the end.

"But how did Pasquinelli appear and vanish so quickly—especially when he was playing during the robbery?" asked Ethel.

"Not he. One of the other musicians impersonated Pasquinelli, while he, in his devil robe, stepped from behind a big box used to carry in the instruments. That box served a double purpose. It contained the hidden mechanism of the sound-killing machine, and it held Pasquinelli's devil costume. In this he accomplished his robbery, darting immediately behind palms. And then—but wait an instant!"

Fred slipped from the room, but presently reappeared attired in the very Mephisto costume which Professor Satan had worn.

"Watch me!" he said.

Quickly he darted behind a curtain, and the next instant reappeared in his own proper person. In his hand was a violin case.

"The suit," he explained, "was arranged like those of a vaudeville lightning change artist. One spring released the entire costume, mask and all, and pulled by a powerful mechanism, it was drawn inside the violin case, exactly as the stage artists make their extraordinary changes. Simple, eh?"

Not until later, however, did Fred explain how he had placed Simon in the house as a butler. Simon was a detective and kept watch on Pettigrew and Lawton until the English police got over here to claim them.

"Well!"

Mrs. Dumont Oakley of S. was a sapient old dame for all her social foolishness. In her heart she was terribly sorry now for what she had done; she was a better and a wiser woman.

"You're an impertinent but a nice young man," she said softly and walking up to Fred she kissed him. And then, with a winning glance at Ethel, she left the room.

But Fred had other kisses that night which he enjoyed better, far, far better!

The Passing Of Dutch Sam

By JOHN GOTTLIEB JACOBS

CHAPTER ONE

WHEN the man behind the door in the kiosk peered through the darkened niche in the wall to see who it was that had knocked and admitted "Red Dirk" Morton, alias the "Rat," alias "Spider" Thompson, into the den, he little reckoned of the sinister thoughts that were circulating through the mind of the other. For outwardly Red Dirk Morton appeared as calm as a badger.

Within him, however, there was anything but imperturbability. His brain was seething with innumerable plans and schemes, now one, now the other suggesting itself to him, until his mind whirled with a jumble of racking and evasive thoughts. His heart, moreover, was pounding away against his ribs as though it were a sledge-hammer. For Red Dirk Morton was pondering over something that he had never tackled in all his wicked life as thug, gunman, and course tickler—something that appeared so gigantically enormous to his withered vision that the mere thought of it fairly staggered him.

Red Dirk Morton had never before committed murder. Though twice previous he had been arraigned before the judge on charges of homicide, truth had in the long run prevailed, and he had in consequence been freed. The first time the real slayer had confessed to the crime, much to the chagrin of the great detective who had captured Red Dirk and who stoutly affirmed his guilt. On the other occasion the thug had been released when it was unquestionably proved that the dead woman whose death he was held responsible for was a suicide.

As he sat on a stool in an inconspicuous corner of the foul-smelling kiosk his mind reverted to these unpleasant incidents in his past history. Then he thought of his once having read statistics of murders. That out of every hundred slayings committed only thirty-seven of the murderers were apprehended, out of which twenty-nine were captured, five confessed and four given the death penalty. He smiled grimly as he pondered over this, and his nicotine-stained lips appeared as though they were merely two white streaks crossing his jagged-looking face. If ninety-six of the hundred got away with it, why couldn't he? And if sixty-three of that number managed to elude the police entirely, why couldn't he be in as much luck?

The apparition of Dutch Sam, sleek and wan, flitted across the vision of his mind's eye. Dutch Sam's real name was Samuel Horowitz. He had been a bartender up till recently, when a certain Mr. Volstead had appeared on the scene and become prominent. Whereupon Dutch Sam had turned to a profession that was sort of related to that of a barkeeper—a soft-drink peddler. He still worked in the same place before prohibition had set in, offering his wares behind the flyteeming counter in Mike Dougherty's saloon. Horowitz was known as Dutch Sam only to his near contemporaries. He was an exceedingly blunt individual, the proud possessor of an enormous cursory vocabulary, which he did not hesitate to use frequently and to insulting advantage. It was thus that he had incurred the enmity of Red Dirk Morton. And time had fanned the flames of utter dislike, until, as weeks and months passed, it had grown into a growling, fermenting hate.

Unbearable loathing of Dutch Sam had goaded the gunman to action. He was neither a forgiver nor a forgetter, and he felt that the world was growing too small to hold both of them. Being a sort of human rat, and hating the light of day with an instinctive dread, he had waited patiently until the gray of sunset had appeared, and then glided down to Milton Shmuckler's. Shmuckler was a one-eyed, bald-headed pawnbroker, a notorious "fence" and counterfeit planter, who sold, rented and exchanged anything from a shoe lace to a diamond. When Red Dirk had turned his back upon the shop and made his way to the Riordan den, there was a wicked-looking revolver and six blank bullets reposing in an inner pocket, and an ugly leer on his ribald features.

Now, as he sat in the kiosk, he pondered over the anticipated removal of Dutch Sam. Yes, he told himself with a satisfied smile—the smile of grim pleasure—it could be done easily. Provided, of course, that he used tact and adroitness. A scheme, Machiavelian in its magnitude, was slowly forming in his brain.

He glanced at a gnarled clock, situated on the edge of a swaying mantelpiece, that ticked away its seconds soundlessly. It told the hour of two past midnight. Half an hour later he arose, satisfied with the plan and with himself. He was a measly little runt, and as he stretched himself there was not the semblance of a chest expansion. As he stole out of the iron door, which was instantly bolted behind him, into the shadowy, tremulous night, his mind ran quickly over the details for the last time. Yes, the thing was really absurdly simple—so simple, in fact, that he wondered why he had not thought of it months before. There was not the least chance of failure. He had but to extract the bullets from Dutch Sam's gun, place the blanks in their stead and goad the man into shooting at him. The rest was easy. His revenge completed, he could soon

forget that there had been such a man as Dutch Sam Horowitz living in this mundane realm.

The night was Cimmerian—pungent almost. Gray and foreboding clouds loomed in a moonless sky. Swaying, vernal shadows seemed to follow him at every step. The way grew darker—darker. Mechanically he cut across the street with instinctive accuracy. He felt himself at home in God's own darkness, and he moved with cat-like rapidity. Mike Dougherty's barroom, where Dutch Sam worked, was now only two blocks away—one block.

At length he halted before the saloon. It was a despondent-looking, tan-bricked place, with a single brown stoop, situated on the corner of Turner street and a little side alley which bore the name of Clackman's Place. A huge iron-barred window adorned the reeking front of the saloon, on which was printed the words:

MIKE DOUGHERTY'S

CIDER SALOON

Soft Drinks

Red Dirk Morton grinned affably as he looked at this. "Cully," he remarked under his breath, "there'll be 'ell ter pay when ter-morrer's gone over wit'."

He peered to the right and left of him. The street was deserted; not a lurking figure moved its length. As quietly as a shadow he slipped into the fetid alley, then turned and with the nimbleness of a night prowling cat swung himself noiselessly over the fence. Once in the back yard of the saloon, he paused to listen again. Then suddenly, as he looked towards the windows, he felt the pang of disappointment. For not only were they securely shuttered and locked, but also barred with stout and unmoving irons.

Red Dirk Morton stroked his unshaved jaw reflectively. Was he compelled to give up at so early a stage in the game? The suave features of Dutch Sam, grinning at him goadingly, came before his vision, and his face knotted with determintion.

He looked about him, as does a rat, for a possible means of entrance to the barroom. Gliding further down the yard, he found himself under a tier of fire-escapes. The first landing was a foot over his head, and with a leap he caught the lowest step and pulled himself up on the escape.

Both the second-story windows were protected by iron bars, but, to the joy of the gunman, those of the third floor were not. Unbuttoning his coat, he extracted a jimmy from an inner pocket, and crudely set about opening the window.

It was but the work of a minute. Then, with index fingers, he noiselessly raised the pane, gripped the ledge and vaulted inside with ungraceful certainty. Repulsive air swam against his face. Unmindful, he closed the aperture behind him, paused and drew forth a pistol and a tiny flash. There was a taut, business-like expression about his lips; the trigger finger on the firearm was steady.

The room was bare, and with the aid of his light he moved stealthily over to the door. This he opened, let himself out and emerged onto a landing which was terminated by a stairway. As he began to descend the steps a board groaned under his foot. He stood motionless, the eye of his gun pointing straight ahead. After a time he continued his descent. On the second floor he passed a door behind which might be shoals of hidden peril and menace. His trigger finger twitching, he listened. Not a sound came from within. He gained the ground floor without any mishap, and stood before a huge door which he rightly guessed to be the inside entrance to the barroom. With as little sound as possible, he opened this and found himself behind the railed counter in the saloon.

He glanced about him, his electric torch following. The plan of the barroom he knew by heart. Constant and innumerable visits had instilled this knowledge. Tables and chairs were lined against the walls, huddled and heaped grotesquely together. An enormous green blind covered the window, thus insuring no interference from without.

With a silent chuckle Red Dirk Morton took a few steps from the door and dropped down under the bar. A blue-barreled revolver lay handily on a shelf situated midway between the top of the counter and the floor. For Dutch Sam was a cautious man, a firm believer in preparedness. Still smiling, Red Dirk Morton grasped the cold steel, "broke" it and extracted the bullets from their chambers. When he had replaced the weapon in its original position, six blank cartridges rested snugly in its barrel.

The gunman arose awkwardly. Joy seethed in his bosom. So far he was successful. The stage was now set for the removal of Dutch Sam. He had but to make himself scarce, and——

Without warning, a second flash appeared on the scene. It shone unblinkingly full into the face of Red Dirk Morton. Choking back a gasp, he turned slowly, his features the color of desert sands. The observant eye of a big Colt, situated in the tense right hand of a sallow-faced, indecorous-looking stranger, peered at him.

"Say, bo," drawled the man with the gun, "I was kinda reckonin' to fool with that trick safe meself—get me?"

Red Dirk Morton glared. "Cully," he remarked, "I don't know what th' 'ell yore talkin' about."

"Neither y' don't," the other purred unbelievingly. "However, that ain't the point. I got y' dead to rights—under me iron—see? An' the contents of that safe is gonna be mine—what?"

"Ther' ain't no safe here," Red Dirk Morton informed the gun-wielder sulkily.

The new arrival stared.

"Well, I'll be blowed," he ejaculated. "What in blazes are y' doin' here, then?"

"None o' yore damn business!"

The sallow-faced individual frowned.

"Friend," he said, losing his temper, "don't get so all-fired gay with me. I had this joint mapped out a coupla weeks, an' I'm gonna roost me tools here an' grab the merry proceeds. An' if there'll be any interference offered by sich as you, look out!"

The gunman was not in the least daunted. "Yeah?" he averred interrogatively.

"Sure!" The other took a step forward, and Morton felt the hot breath on his cheek. His words were hissing. "I come here to get what's mine, an' I'm aimin' to get it."

There was an ugly look on the gunman's face.

"Cully," he said evenly, "I don't know what yore yappin' about."

"Don't, eh?" There was suspicion in the stare of the sallow-faced man. "Ain't you known——"

"Naw!"—unbendingly, stoically.

"Listen, then!" The stranger's gun was dropping. "I come here for business, an' so dijou, I'm thinkin'. A killin' is the least thing me or you'd hanker for, 'cause a shot right now 'd bring happy death down on us quicker'n it takes to say Jack Robinson. No, there's nothin' to gain by that end—see? An' there's enough of the swag for both of us, I'm believin'. I ain't no hog—an' neither are you—an' it's the only way to settle it. We split fiffy-fifty—huh?"

The upper lip of the gunman twisted into an ugly scowl. He surveyed the other disdainfully.

"Say, cully," he said, "wher' 'ud you come frum—the bug-house? If y' ain't, y' shore oughter pay 'em a visit. What are y' gonna split wit'—the booze?"

The sallow-faced one stared at him in amazement.

"Come across, bo," he ventured at last. "Don't you know there's a safe in these here parts? What didja come here for, anyway?"

"Fer my 'ealth," Morton said briefly.

The other moved impatiently.

"Aw, can the trash! We'll get the jug if we ain't a bit more hastier, an' Gawd Hisself knows that ain't any too healthy. Are y' in on this thing, or ain't y'?"

Red Dirk Morton nodded. His face was a mere poignant map, but inwardly he was more than exultant. Realization of the immensity of the thing, for the moment suspended, was beginning to dawn upon him. A safe! That meant that his business in the saloon was not yet done with; that the stone, killing the bird, had unknowingly slain another, by far the more luscious. He turned to the other with a quick glance, hope in his look, and watched him stoop down and examine the woodwork to the right of the counter.

The sallow-cheeked individual was a business-like man. Placing his revolver down beside that which contained the blank bullets, he felt of the hollow-like boards with his gnarled hand. Deftly, quickly he ran over them once, twice, and even the third time, never seeming disappointed. Presently he paused at a spot a few inches from the floor, tapped it, tapped it again, all the while listening intently. Then, with a deep-sounding, satisfied "Ah!" he tugged gently at the board, as though anticipating a possible opening.

He was correct in his anticipation. A muffled "ping" sounded, and the frail piece of wood, creaking dully, moved to the side and partly revealed the dark iron of a tiny safe.

With eagerness unconcealed he extracted a lantern from his hip pocket, and arranged the drilling kit which he had brought with him. In a moment he was at work, the drill making little if any noise as it bore steadily into the giving iron. A time passed, silence reigned, and suddenly Red Dirk Morton, the lantern in his hand unwaveringly on the safe, heard the other whisper exultingly:

"I got it, bo. Now for the precious proceeds!"

The pygmean door of the safe now yielded to his touch. Red Dirk Morton kneeled, his keen interest visible on his face. The sallow-faced man chuckled jocundly. Hot waves of excitement surging through him, he explored the black interior of the safe with groping fingers. They wound about something he knew by the feel was a tin money box.

Opening it and laying it on the floor, he shot his flash into it. And as he did so two pairs of eyes brightened with a greedy, eager light. For within the box were Federal Reserve notes and bills of national currency innumerable, fairly littered with a throw of shimmering coppers, nickels and silver coins.

For a moment there was silence. The sight of that cogent potency more commonly referred to as money does not tend to instigate speech. But finally the sallow-cheeked individual closed the tin box and placed it under his arm.

"We'll divvy on the jack when we're outa here," he said. An' we better be goin' whilst the goin' is good. Y' all ready?"

Red Dirk Morton regarded him with a stoical grimace. "Cully," he said at length, and his voice was sinister, threatening almost, "we'll be goin' arter I git my share o' the coin, and not before. See?"

The other met his glare—met it and read it correctly. Although a thief, he was somewhat of a sensible man, and he knew that a rupture with the other in such a ticklish situation as the present meant a term in the pen, instead of half of the money in the box. So with a shrug of his shoulders he squatted down on the floor and opened the tin.

Five minutes later he arose, and placed the box on the railed counter as useless. His share of the money securely hidden in an inner pocket, he silently gathered together his drilling kit and picked up the pistol from where he had placed it on the middle shelf. Red Dirk Morton did likewise, pocketing his gun and flashing his tiny

light at the door. Then, suddenly, as if remembering something, he turned, picked up the tin box, closed it and put it back in the safe. This he also closed, and tugged back the wooden panel in its original position, while the other watched him silently.

That night in his room in Riordan's den the gunman laughed gleefully as his fingers closed lovingly over the stolen money.

"Couldn't be better, couldn't be better," he exulted. "Mike Dougherty's kale, and Dutch Sam's soul."

He would have sung a different tune had he known that, two miles away, the sallow-cheeked individual was glaring at his pistol and remarking:

"His gun, an' blanks, as sure as I'm a foot high. Who in blazes——"

CHAPTER TWO

MIKE DOUGHERTY'S barroom, situated in the dregs of the city, opened at eight o'clock daily. Five minutes previous to that hour Samuel Horowitz glided into the place in his slinking way, and prepared himself for the day's ordeal. For some unknown reason he was unusually glum. He muttered to himself constantly, now and then allowing an oath to escape him. As he counted the empty Shlitz bottles that stood in a corner behind the bar the first customer of the day entered and greeted him with an inartistic flourish of his arm.

"Good-mornin', Dutch."

"Howdy, Joe."

"Kinda cold this a. m. Let's have a cider, Dutch. I'll be afther freezin' if this spell continues. An' it bein' summer, too."

"The deuce you say!" was Dutch Sam's only comment.

The visitor, mistaking the bartender's show of habit to be an articulation of surprise, continued:

"Yep. Cold as a snowberg, an' then some. Saw Tim Murphy this mornin' as early as six bells with a wagon full o' coal. An' his hoss was afther shiverin'. Me? I don't min' it so much, but——"

He would have been disagreeably surprised had he known that at that moment Dutch Sam was feeling more than comfortably close. Dutch Sam not being a ready disclosure of even minor affairs, however, he was not aware of this fact, and so continued his commentaries of the summer's mildness. Now and then he would pause in his eloquence, gulp down a portion of his third cider and wipe his mouth with the hairy back of his hand. This continued for quite a time, Dutch Sam maintaining a grim silence.

Presently the second patron of the day arrived. He greeted the barkeeper with a mournful grimace, and mumbled something that sounded very nearly like "the strongest yet." More and more men, and even women, arrived. Chairs and tables were occupied, and by eleven o'clock the place was filled with sultry clots of scattered persons and a dull revelry that seemed to permeate everything.

At two o'clock past noon Red Dirk Morton stood on the threshold of the saloon. A pistol reposed in his hip pocket, and a smile lingered on his face. With staid tread he crossed the room and ordered a drink from Dutch Sam. While he gulped it down he regarded the bartender through narrow, speculative eyes. Glancing about, he noticed the usual spirit of dimming gaiety in the place, and decided that the theft had as yet not been discovered.

He stood leaning thinkingly against the bar, going rapidly over his plan of action and wondering how he could pick a natural-appearing quarrel with the barkeeper. Suddenly he tautened. A bleak-eyed man, whom the gangster knew to be James White, a plain-clothes man, stood leaning against the wall near the inswinging doors, chewing a toothpick. If only the quarrel could be picked now! He would have an officer of the law as witness to his act of self-defence, and his release after the killing would be virtually assured.

He glanced quickly at Dutch Sam. Now, if ever, was the time for action!

"Say, cully," he said casually, "what time y'er got?"

Dutch Sam did not so much as look up.

"Don't know," he said briefly.

A semblance of a frown puckered the gunman's brow.

"Aw, say," he muttered audibly, "cancha tell a feller the time?"

The barkeeper surveyed him in frank disgust, disagreeably surprised at the other's persistency.

"What do you think this is—an information bureau?" he growled.

Red Dirk Morton was a wily man. He knew that if he was to have an impenetrable case he must not quarrel with Dutch Sam over such a petty thing as the time. That, he was aware, would not be taken by the police as an excuse for the taking of human life, even though it was done and witnessed as self-defence. No, he must allow matters to shape their own course; then, if anything happened, he would create a broil and goad Dutch Sam, who believed that the pistol on the counter behind the bar was full of lead, into shooting at him. Then, and then only, would he return the fire.

Following the death of the bartender, he would deliver himself up to the police (providing, of course, that he was not taken) and claim that he had shot in self-defence. He would affect a stolid indifference to all questions put to him. He knew that a careless, sullen attitude would tend more than anything else to make the police believe that he was innocent of anything but self-protection.

Still pondering, he seated himself, sipping the near-beer that he had ordered. He had but to wait—and hope. And fate favored him in his sanguinary expectancy. As his always narrowed eyes stared at Dutch Sam, culminary hatred in the glance, he saw the barkeeper stride over to a table near the wall and grasp a weazened, shrimp-like fellow by the collar of his coat, preparatory to throwing him out because of some reason or other.

Instantly Red Dirk Morton was on his feet, his blue-veined fists solidly clenched. Now, if ever, was his chance. Throwing a glance in the direction of the door to see if the plain-clothes man was still there, and assuring himself that he was, he sauntered over to within a yard of Dutch Sam.

The barkeeper loosened his hold on the struggling man and turned as he felt a patting hand on his shoulder. He looked into the eyes of Red Dirk Morton.

"Whatcha aimin' ter do?" the gunman wanted to know.

Dutch Sam glared. It was apparent that he resented the unwarranted interference. He was on the point of answering, but evidently deeming the other unworthy of even a glance, he spat at his feet and gave his attention to the man at the table.

Red Dirk Morton flushed. Looking about, he was aware that the plain-clothes man was watching him intently. His fists, loosened, clenched again.

"Cully," he scowled in Dutch Sam's ear, "that guy is a pal o' mine. 'E what picks 'is quarrel wit' 'im 'as me ter reckon wit'."

The other turned slowly.

"That stiff is a drunk. I'm throwin' him out—see?" he flared.

"Y' ain't if I kin 'elp it."

Dutch Sam's eyes blazed. His open hand caught the gunman full across the mouth.

Red Dirk Morton only smiled. In such a predicament as this he must be cool. The situation was just as he had planned it to be. Inwardly bracing himself, he prepared himself for the forthcoming events which he knew would come swiftly and without hesitation.

He spoke slowly, his eyes twinkling dimly.

Then and there he called Dutch Sam a vile, unspeakable name.

The eyes of the bartender bulged. Then, with a leap, he was behind the counter. A pistol flourished in his right hand.

The gunman folded his arms. There was absolutely nothing to fear, he told himself.

"Well?" he said purringly.

The pistol in Dutch Sam's hand snapped. Its bullet missed Red Dirk Morton and ripped into the rotting woodwork near the door.

A dazed expression came over the gunman's face. His eyes glazed.

Already his throat was dry.

Then he emitted a shriek.

Horrors! Not a blank—not a blank! A bullet. How—but no, it couldn't be, it couldn't be! Yet how——?

His brain was a smudge. Yet somehow it seemed for the moment to work clearly. Putrid realization dawned upon him. Yes, that was it—that was it!

The thief of the previous night must have exchanged his own pistol for the one of the blanks!

He became suddenly conscious of the present predicament. He turned upon the armed barkeeper, and his voice was rasping.

"Kill me, will y'?" and drew his own revolver. He did not notice the plain-clothes man leap forward. His brain was a whirl—a seething, revolving mass of dim uncertainty. His finger quivered on the trigger.

It is doubtful whether Dutch Sam would have fired again. The red that he had for the moment seen was fast fading before his eyes. Yet, to save himself, he fired. This time, and this time only, it was a real case of self-defence.

Simultaneously their pistols rang out.

The plain-clothes man had not been quick enough.

Dutch Sam moaned. A dazed expression came over his sleek features. He tried to smile, but it twisted into a horrible contortion. His lips trembled; his knees sagged slowly. Then, with surprising energy, he hurled himself over the counter. But he was dead before he touched the floor.

His bullet, however, had found its mark.

The forehead of the gunman became suddenly a vivid streak of crimson. With eyes that spoke of the terror of death he looked about the room. The men in it—the agile plain-clothes man, all, everything, revolved slowly. Then came a blur. His hand, going to his forehead, stopped midway. He began to sob hysterically. He screamed.

Then he pitched forward on his face, dead.

Thus was the city rid of one of the many human rats in its underworld.

MIGHTIER THAN HIMALAYAS

AMONG the greatest results achieved by the Hedm explorations in Tibet was the discovery of a continuous mountain chain, 2,000 miles long, stretching east and west, and which, taken as a whole, is the most massive range on the crust of the earth. Its average height above sea level is greater than that of the Himalayas, and although its peaks are from 4,000 to 5,000 feet lower than Mount Everest, its passes average 3,000 feet higher than those of the Himalayas.

The eastern and western parts of this range were known before, but the central and highest part, in Bongba, was unexplored previous to Dr. Hedin's visit. He crossed ten passes in the range.

The Day Of Reckoning

By ALLAN K. SHACKLETON

ON the 15th of last March Edmond Woodward, a retired banker, left his home in New York City for Baltimore. As he failed to return and nothing was heard from him, his friends became alarmed, and a detective was retained to solve the mystery of his disappearance.

Ed Vale, the officer in question, had known Mr. Woodward very well; and before setting out for Baltimore was provided with an accurate description of the clothing worn by the missing man when he left home.

It consisted of a Scot plaid suit of dark brown and black, with peculiar buttons of shaded black and brown horn, carved on the top with a crescent.

Ed had no difficulty in tracing the missing man to the city of Baltimore and to the hotel "Pepper's," on Holiday street, where Woodward had registered. He had departed upon the night of his arrival, leaving at the hotel a small valise, and did not pay for his supper.

From this Ed reasoned that he had intended to return to the hotel when he finished his errand.

Why he had not done so, and what his movements were after leaving the hotel, as well as his ultimate fate, it was his task to discover.

He spent three days in an attempt to strike the trail of the missing man in vain, for he seemed to have disappeared as completely as though the earth had swallowed him.

At the close of the fourth day of Vale's fruitless quest he was returning to his hotel in a taxicab, when fate played right into his hands. The detective, unknown to himself, had chanced to hire a taxi in which the missing man must have ridden. This was proven by a rather peculiar circumstance. Vale was sitting on the frock of his coat, and put down his right hand to pull it from under him when his knuckles encountered a hard object. Wondering what it was he felt around and he found, wedged between the cushion of the vehicle and its side, a horn button and a shred of long dark hair.

The button was of black horn, carved on the top with a crescent, and shaded with brown.

It was evidently one of the buttons from Mr. Woodward's Scotch plaid suit, he was sure, and a bit of cloth that clung to it told that it had been violently torn from the garment to which it had been attached.

The shred of long dark hair was unusually coarse, but Ed knew it must have come from the head of a woman.

He questioned the driver of the taxicab, who was an intelligent Irishman, with a pleasant, honest face.

Pat Maley was inclined to be communicative, and when Ed gave him a minute description of Mr. Woodward, he at once recollected driving him and a lady on a certain night, the date of which he recalled.

"The gentleman was drunk, sor, that's one reason I remember him," said the chauffeur.

Vale knew that Mr. Woodward never drank, that he was an advocate of total abstinence, and a temperance fanatic in a mild way.

He scented a crime.

"Go on and tell me all about the gentleman and his lady companion. Where you left them, and everything, and here's a five-dollar note to refresh your memory with," he said, giving him a crisp V.

"Well, you see, sur, the lady and gentleman were standing on the corner of Calvert and West Baltimore streets when I came driving by, and I must say that the gentleman didn't look at all like a drunken man.

"He signaled me, and I got out of gear, and then the lady and himself got into the cab, and the lady directed me to Number —— on North Charles street, which is a very respectable, not to say aristocratic, neighborhood.

"When I reached the house to which I was told to drive, I sprang down and opened the door of the car.

"The man was lying back on the seat with his eyes closed.

"'The gentleman drank too much wine at dinner; please ring the bell for me, and the servants will assist him into the house,' the lady said.

"I rang the bell.

"Two men came out, and they carried the gentleman into the house.

"The lady paid me, and I drove away, thinking no more of the matter, for I frequently meet with such experiences."

Vale had found a valuable clue and hastened to follow it up.

He left Maley and visited the neighborhood of the house on North Charles street, to which the chauffeur had driven the missing man.

Cautious inquiry revealed the fact that a highly respectable widow lady and her daughter resided at the number given by Maley. Ed made a call at the house.

A middle-aged woman, and a young lady, with a frank and pleasing face, upon which there was an expression of innocence, received him.

These people seemed so perfectly at variance with persons who would be likely to be implicated in a crime, that Ed came out boldly and said:

"You will excuse the liberty I have taken in calling, as I am a stranger, but I came to inquire about a Mr. Edmond Woodward, of New York

who has mysteriously disappeared, and whom I have traced to your house."

"Mr. Woodward missing!" cried the lady. "This is indeed a surprise. The gentleman was in former years a friend of mine. I met him on the street, and he recognized me. I invited him to our home before I observed that he was quite intoxicated. He accepted my invitation, and calling a taxi, we were driven here. When we reached the house Mr. Woodward's intoxication had become so complete that I was obliged to have him carried into the house. Three or four hours' sleep sobered him, and he left my house with many apologies for his conduct. He said he had been made the victim of a practical joke by some acquaintances who differed with him on the temperance question. That they had drugged him for the purpose of turning a laugh on him and making it seem that he did not practice what he preached."

This was the lady's explanation.

Her name was Mrs. Vanburen.

The young lady was introduced to Ed as Agnes Vanburen.

"And you, too, saw Mr. Woodward, miss?" he asked of the young lady.

"Oh, no, sir. I was out of the city at the time of his visit; but I was told of it," said the lady, with a smile.

Vale was puzzled.

There was an air of reality—of truth—in Mrs. Vanburen's story, and her manner was well calculated to disarm suspicion.

The detective observed her closely, and saw that she had dark, coarse hair.

He could think of no way of positively assuring himself of the truth or falsehood of the lady's story, save by trying to trace Mr. Woodward from her house.

Vale took leave of the two ladies, but he was not satisfied.

A suspicion of Mrs. Vanburen's complicity in the strange disappearance remained in his mind and he began next to trace the missing man from the lady's house.

In this, to his great surprise, he succeeded.

Mr. Woodward, according to the testimony of a man next-door, a street car conductor, and a boy in a neighboring newsstand, certainly had left Mrs. Vanburen's house and gone downtown on a street-car. Further, a day's diligent work, and Ed discovered that upon the day he left Mrs. Vanburen's house Mr. Woodward had, at a "scalper's" office, bought a ticket for New York.

From this, it seemed he had returned to his own city, but the fact that he had not called at the hotel to pay his bill and claim his valise remained to refute this theory.

The officer found himself puzzled again.

He reflected, but could only come to the conclusion that Mr. Woodward had been made the victim of a crime, and it flashed upon his mind that, after all, it might be that he had not left the house of Mrs. Vanburen.

Vale determined to visit that lady again, for of course he saw now that the purchasing of the ticket by some one who had represented the missing man, and left Mrs. Vanburen's house for that purpose, might be only a cunning scheme to throw him off the right track.

The detective's experience had taught him that in nearly every criminal case some oversight will betray the plot of crime. The oversight of the person who represented Mr. Woodward, granting that the missing man had been personated by another, consisted in not visiting the hotel and claiming his valise and paying his bill.

It was evident that Mrs. Vanburen had a personal knowledge of the missing man, and knew that he was a temperance advocate.

Vale telegraphed to Mr. Woodward's brother, in New York, asking if he knew his brother Edmond to have any acquaintance in Baltimore by the name of Vanburen.

The answer came back:

"Edmond loaned a widow lady by the name of Vanburen a large sum of money four years ago, and has been unable to collect the debt."

Instantly all his suspicions of Mrs. Vanburen were aroused afresh.

Vale visited Mrs. Vanburen again and found the house in charge of an old colored man and his wife, servants of Mrs. Vanburen.

They assured him that Mrs. Vanburen and her daughter had gone for a trip in the North, but just what point their destination was they could not tell.

The officer was now almost positive that the woman with the dark, coarse hair was implicated in the fate of the missing man.

Ed determined to take out a warrant and make a search of Mrs. Vanburen's house.

On his way to the office of a justice he met a fellow detective, then engaged with a well-known Baltimore detective firm.

He was pleased to meet Vale, and, indeed, the pleasure was mutual.

"I am on my way to arrest a daring pickpocket, whose hiding-place I have located. Will you come along and help me?" asked the man.

Ed said he would, and they proceeded across Jones Falls to Oldtown.

In a disreputable part of this, the most ancient portion of the monumental city, they found the pickpocket. He was in his room, on the fourth story of a tenement house.

They took him by surprise, as he was entirely alone. In a moment he was handcuffed. Then we searched his apartment, hoping to find stolen goods.

In a closet Vale found a bundle of clothing.

He opened the bundle and made a surprising discovery.

In the bundle was the very suit of clothes Mr. Woodward wore when he left New York, and, as Vale examined the coat, he found one button and a shred of cloth missing. The button he had

found in the cab fitted the place from which it had been torn exactly.

"I think I can convict this fellow of murder, for here is the clothing of a murdered man," said Ed to his detective friend, for the purpose of frightening the man arrested.

The crook turned pale.

"You are wrong for once. I know nothing at all about the owner of that suit. All I do know I'll tell you and welcome," said the fellow.

"Do so, then. It will be the best thing you can do to confine yourself to the truth, too," said Vale.

"I won't lie. This was the way I came by them togs; I was engaged by a woman to wear 'em from her house, disguised with a gray wig and side-whiskers, and sent to purchase a ticket at a 'scalper's' office for New York. I did this, and made a ten-dollar note and the clothing by the job. If the chap as the clothes belongs to has been done for, it's none o' my funeral. Murder ain't in my line, as all the cops o' Baltimore, most of whom have a little knowledge o' me, will tell ye."

Thus explained the pickpocket, and Vale was convinced he told the truth.

Clearly now, Mrs. Vanburen was the guilty party, thought Ed, and he obtained the necessary warrant and, accompanied by his friend, made a careful search of her premises.

They could find nothing to substantiate their suspicions, until seeing a shaggy dog chained in the back yard, Ed released the animal.

He began to smell about one of the large stones with which the yard was paved, and then to scratch there.

Vale procured tools, and they raised the stone, and found the earth under it looked as though it had been recently disturbed.

They dug and found a large box.

In a few moments they found the dead body of Mr. Woodward. There were no marks of violence on his person, though. The body was removed and cause of his death was investigated.

The surgeons gave it as their decision that his death had been caused by a poisonous dose of opium.

Vale suspected that this had been administered by Mrs. Vanburen in the cab.

Vale had now the task of finding Mrs. Vanburen.

The people left in charge of the house said she had gone to the North, but for that very reason Ed had suspected she had gone in another direction.

He made a diligent attempt to learn where Mrs. Vanburen had purchased a ticket when she and her daughter left the city, and finally discovered that they had taken a steamer for Norfolk, Va.

Taking the shaggy dog that betrayed the burial place of the murdered man Vale went to Norfolk.

There he found Mrs. Vanburen's trail once more. It took him to the neighborhood of Wheeling, West Virginia.

He had disguised himself in the garb of a farmer and wore a full beard.

Ed traced Mrs. Vanburen to the neighborhood of Wheeeling, but there lost the trail.

Having chained the dog in the stable of the hotel, he was wandering about the city and had entered a dry-goods store, when two ladies came in.

At sight of Ed one of them whispered to the other, and hurriedly left.

The detective thought little of this at the time, but when he had returned to the hotel it occurred to him that perhaps the lady was in disguise.

Next day, following Mrs. Vanburen's shaggy dog, the detective strolled out of the town, and took his way along a brook that ran through the fields.

The dog seemed intent upon following the trail of some one and its actions aroused the detective's curiosity.

He had not gone far when he saw two ladies in advance.

One of them was the woman who had so abruptly left the store when she saw the officer in town.

The other was her companion at the store.

The latter was engaged in packing some sketches in the pocket of a portable easel, and Vale saw that she had been sketching the scenery.

He had paused behind a tree, but suddenly, with a joyful bark, the dog rushed forward, and leaping upon the lady who had suddenly left the store, he manifested every evidence of delight.

The detective hurried forward, and lifting his hat with mock gallantry, said:

"Mrs. Vanburen, your dog has led me here and betrayed you, and the day of reckoning has come."

The woman uttered an imprecation, struck the dog with her parasol, and he hastily retreated behind Vale.

Mrs. Vanburen submitted quietly to arrest, and Ed led her to the house of the other lady, with whom she was boarding and who knew nothing of the guilty woman's crime.

At the farmhouse he found Mrs. Vanburen's daughter, who was innocent of complicity.

That night the murderess made a full confession. She had induced Mr. Woodward to enter the cab and go to her house, where she told him she would pay what she owed him.

In the cab Mr. Woodward had complained of not feeling well, and she induced him to drink of a bottle of laudanum she chanced to have in her pocket, representing it as a tonic.

When her victim felt his brain reeling from the effects of the drug, he tried to spring from the taxi, but she forced him back, tearing the button from his coat, and it fell where Vale found it.

In the struggle he had convulsively caught at her hair, and must have pulled out the few Vale found.

The woman was duly convicted of her crime, but her daughter's entire innocence was proven, and they released her from custody.

In The Blood

By EDWARD P. HENDRICK

PHIL CHRISTY had put in three very busy years as district attorney. "The gang" had come to know him as the embodiment of civic power; tireless and incorruptable. Their hate of him was a just measure of his efficiency, and it was plenty. Accordingly the word had gone forth from the mouth of "Jim" Tolliver, gang leader, that Christy must be beaten at the coming election. Four of the six newspapers published in the city were supporting Christy, but the remaining two could be relied upon to serve as vehicles for charges of hypocrisy, hints of corruption, suggestions of malfeasance or any other form of slander which could be presented in a form stopping just short of punishable libel.

"Get him and get him good," were Tolliver's orders, and "Slick" Donovan, to whom the words were addressed, realized that as first aid to Chief Tolliver it was up to him to see that those orders were carried out.

Donovan well deserved the nickname bestowed upon him by admiring friends and co-gangsters. Sleek, soft-spoken, unscrupulous, he accomplished his ends in a manner at once neat and effective. "No rough stuff" was his motto, and even the vigilant district attorney had been forced to admit himself baffled in his attempts to follow the cleverly concealed trail of Donovan's political chicanery. That he had tried, however unsuccessfully, added the spice of a personal malice to Donovan's campaign and whetted his determination to a dangerous edge.

"I'll get him," 'Slick' had boasted, but in spite of a score of cleverly laid traps and countless intricate schemes worked out with painstaking nicety, Phil Christy was still riding the wave of popularity.

It was in Dowd's billiard parlors, née saloon, that Donovan stumbled upon what seemed to be a solution of his problem. As he entered the room he had nearly fallen over a man who was huddled in a heap beside the door.

"For the love o' God, give me a drop of whisky!"

Donovan was about to push the fellow out of his way, when the latter turned his face toward the bar and the light shone full upon it. Judging faces was the corner-stone of 'Slick' Donovan's success. He never forgot one, and his analysis of each was complete to the smallest detail. For a long minute he gazed at the face now upturned to him in piteous appeal.

"Get up," he said quietly, and taking the man by the arm he led him into a rear room, where he deposited him in a chair.

"Denny," he called sharply.

The proprietor slipped into the room, closing the door softly behind him.

"Got any whisky?" asked Donovan.

"Not a drop," responded Denny promptly. "Not since January fifteen."

"See if you can find about three fingers for this gent," ordered Donovan.

Denny nodded, and in a remarkably short time returned with the liquor.

The man swallowed it at a gulp. His face flushed underthe stimulant, and he straightened in his chair. Donovan watched him keenly.

"Been on a bust?"

The other nodded. "A farewell celebration in honor of——"

"Yes, yes; I know all about it. You tried to put it all away before they put you on the water-wagon for keeps."

As he talked Donovan's eyes took in every detail of the face before him. "Let's see your teeth," he commanded suddenly.

The stranger gasped involuntarily.

"That's good enough," said Donovan. "What's your name?"

"Oscar Walls."

"How long have you been in town?"

"Got in yesterday from Chicago."

"Know anybody here?"

"Not a soul."

Donovan's eyes lighted with satisfaction. "I've got a job for you—come along," and before the other had time to enter more than a feeble protest they were in a taxi and speeding uptown.

Donovan occupied bachelor apartments in a section notorious for minding its own business. Arrived here, he prescribed a hot bath and ten hours' sleep for his protégé.

Walls awoke the following morning much improved in appearance. Donovan provided shaving implements and had breakfast sent in from a nearby restaurant. During the meal he subjected his man to a keen scrutiny diverting his attention to the different objects about the room in order that the face could be studied from every possible angle. Satisfied with this, he said abruptly:

"I've a little job on hand that I want you to handle for me. Will you do it?"

Walls hesitated. "What kind of a job?"

"Oh, nothing criminal—nothing you can be pinched for. All you'll have to do is to obey orders as they come to you. I'll do the rest."

"Is it something I can handle? Are you sure I'll——"

"Leave that part of it to me," interrupted Donovan. "I picked you for the job and if you fall down on it that's my lookout; but you won't—if you do as you're told. Now here's the layout. You'll not leave these rooms except in my company and you'll not show yourself at the door or

windows during the daytime or when the lights are on. Your meals will be sent in and you can spend your time here as you please. Your pay will be fifty a week with a bonus of a hundred if you make good."

"When do I wake up and fall out of bed?" whispered Walls, his eyes glistening.

"I thought you'd see it that way. Make yourself comfortable till I get back. You'll find cigars in the bureau."

Donovan returned at noon and with him came Selig Pauliff, tailor and gents' outfitter, 70 Bulfinch street. Selig knew his business, and Walls was quickly measured for clothes, shoes, hat and neckwear, warranted as regards fit and style and guaranteed for delivery in four days.

It was six p. m. on the fourth day when delivery was made. Donovan at once ordered Walls to don the new wardrobe for inspection. There was no cause for complaint; Pauliff had done his work well, and as for the materials, Donovan had spent several hours in their selection and he was hardly the man to overlook even the smallest detail that contributed to an *appearance*.

It was eight o'clock when Mr. Tolliver was informed that Mr. Donovan and a friend were waiting to see him in the parlor. As Tolliver entered the room, Donovan rose from his chair and said in his silkiest tones, "Chief, I want you to meet Mr.——"

That was as far as he was allowed to proceed with the introduction. As Tolliver's eyes rested upon the man before him, his face became purple and he whirled upon Donovan with an oath.

"What the devil do you mean by bringing that man into my house?" Clenching his fists he strode to the door and flung it open. "Get out before I kick you out!"

Oscar Walls turned a shade paler and picked up his hat from the table.

"Don't be hasty, Jim," said Donovan. "Are you sure you know this gentleman?"

"Know him!" roared Tolliver. "*Know* him! Why, damn his soul, haven't I known him for the last three years and listened to his sniveling good government talk, in court and out, till I'm gorged with it? Don't I know every button on his clothes and every——"

"All right, Chief," interrupted Donovan, taking the angry man by the arm. "I guess I know who you are talking about. Now if Mr. Walls will excuse us, I would like a few minutes' private talk with you."

"Walls!" exclaimed Tolliver, blankly.

"Yes, Mr. Oscar Walls, of Chicago. Wait here, Walls," and with a nod to the astonished Mr. Walls, Donovan gently steered the no less dumbfounded Mr. Tolliver into an adjoining room.

"Now," said Tolliver, as the door closed behind them, "get busy and let's hear what kind of a proposition you're handing me. If that gent in the next room isn't Christy, then I don't know Christy when I see him!"

"That's what I hoped you'd say, Jim, and if you can't tell the two men apart it's a safe bet the general public would swear Walls was Christy any time. I've taken a lot of pains with clothes and other details and I'll say the get-up is good enough to pass anywhere."

"So, that's your game, is it?" said Tolliver thoughtfully. "I begin to get the general lay. You figure to pass this gent as Christy."

"Almost, Jim, almost; but that would be a bit raw. How would it work to get a photo of Walls that shows him mixing it pretty close with one of the painted fairies that Christy and his crowd claim they are so anxious to purge us of? The Clarion and the News would publish the picture either with or without comment, and ninety-nine people out of every hundred would swear it's Christy. If we spring it just before election it will stagger Christy's crowd and before they work out of it we'll have our man elected."

"Does this man Walls know what the layout is?"

"Not yet. I'll put him wise to-night. There's a hundred and fifty coming to him if he puts it over—and he needs the money. We've five days before election and that's time enough."

Tolliver sat in deep thought for several minutes before speaking. "The thing is risky," he said at length, "but maybe it's the best we can do, and our time is none too long. Call Walls in here and put it up to him right now. Let's see how it hits him. I don't like uncertainties or delays."

Walls listened attentively as the plan was explained.

"And you figure to have my picture in a couple of newspapers and show me mixing it with a chicken in some cheap joint? Nothing doing."

"You mean you're going to welch on me?" demanded Donovan. "After me picking you out of the gutter?"

"Nothing doing!" repeated Walls, stubbornly. "Look here, gents, I've got a little lady up in Buffalo that I'm pretty solid with. Where do you reckon I'll fit, supposing she gets a look at that picture? You picked me out of the gutter all right; that was my first bad bust and it'll be my last. I'm flat broke and ashamed to send for money—that's why I'm here, but there's a limit!"

Tolliver paced the floor and thought rapidly. "Look here, Walls, you ought to be willing to do something for us, now here's a proposition. You say you've got a girl in Buffalo; suppose you go up there and do the trick with *her?* We'll send a photographer and you can stage the thing anywhere you please. Make it good and sloppy, but be sure your face shows clearly in the picture. We'll pay the hundred and fifty if you do the job right."

"You'll have to sweeten up the girl if you want her to get into the game," said Walls. "She can smell a graft a mile away—kind of a sixth sense. She says it's in the blood."

"Sweeten her how much?" asked Donovan.

"Well," replied Walls, "don't figure on anything

less than a hundred, and it'll have to be in advance—she's that kind."

"Two hundred and fifty," said Donovan. "Is it worth it, Jim?"

Tolliver nodded. "Go to it. We can get that much out of it anyhow."

It was the Sunday night before election. Tolliver and Donovan were waiting impatiently for the photographer, who had wired that he would arrive at seven-thirty.

"If we put this over, Jim, and hang Christy's hide on the fence, it will mean a sweet graft for us. Places *pay* for the chance to run wide open. It will net you ten thousand a year, easy money. I'm looking to you to see that I get mine—with a few extras."

Tolliver nodded. "You'll get it, Slick, don't worry. It'll put us on Easy Street. Here's Manning with the pictures; now we'll soon know where we stand."

Manning placed his grip on the table and took from it two negatives and two finished prints. "Pretty classy work, I'd say," he remarked, as he handed the prints to Tolliver and Donovan.

The picture showed the interior of a bedroom. At the foot of the bed stood a man and a woman in close embrace.

"*Anybody* would take that man for Christy!" exclaimed Donovan. "We'll stick a title on it like 'Out of Office Hours.' Something that will pass 'em the dope without calling any names. Jim, the game is ours!"

Tolliver said nothing; he was staring at the picture in his hand. Suddenly he rose, and, walking to the table, picked up the print that Donovan had laid down.

"Are these all the prints you made, Manning?" he asked evenly.

"All I had time for."

"And are these the only pictures you took?"

"Yes; the woman wouldn't stand for another unless I paid her an extra fifty, and I thought two pictures were enough anyhow."

"Quite right, Manning; you can go now."

As the door closed behind the photographer, Tolliver picked up the negatives, placed them neatly between the two prints, and walking to the fireplace laid them on the coals. There was a flash and a crackling of broken glass, followed by a cry of protest from Donovan.

"What the hell, Jim! Have you gone nutty?"

Tolliver sat down and gazed at the fire where the scraps of paper that had meant for him a great political victory lay curled into cinders.

"That ten thousand graft won't be coming my way, Slick," he said.

"You're damn right it won't," growled Donovan. "What's the matter? The picture was a dead ringer for Christy!"

"Slick, did I ever tell you that I had a sister?"

"Never heard of her. Why?"

"I lost track of her five years ago. Her picture is in the fire there."

"Two hundred and fifty gone to hell," muttered Donovan.

"I guess it's in the blood," said Tolliver softly.

GRAVES ARE ILLUMINATED

IN the older European cities one is apt to revel in ancient architecture, but the Central Cemetery in Austria's capital, while comparatively modern, is well worth visiting. With the exception of the Campo Santo in Geneo, this cemetery is rated as perhaps the finest in the world, being especially known for three gates.

The first gate affords admission to the Jewish section, which was opened as late as 1902, while the third gate leads into the Protestant quarter. The middle entrance, exclusively set aside for the Roman Catholics, is the main one, and because of its central location, gives the cemetery its name.

The pompous portals are very modern in architecture, and two accompanying pieces of artistic workmanship are in obelisk form. Between the two smaller white stone columns are the massive doors of iron in which the marble images are set.

Within the stately walls all is magnificent. In the centre is a large marble vault, built in form of a tiny chapel, with heads and busts of virgin saints. Six openly-carved windows, set on petit columns, bring to view a tremendous pillow with edges heavily chased, and resting upon it are four sleeping angels. A high dome is above them and at the top a messenger of heaven stands triumphant as if sounding a trumpet. On all sides of this object of absorbing interest are gardens beyond description, with fountains and low-cut hedgewood surrounding them. Artistic flowerbeds distinctly mark the centres and from this spot paths to all parts of the burying ground branch out.

It is authentically stated that in the most elaborate part of the Central Cemetery the cost of graves is 12,000 or 14,000 crowns, and the elite of the city having laid claim to these, leaves not one obtainable.

Two days annually are observed in a reverent and beautiful custom, namely, illuminating the graves. This occurs on Ascension Day and on the anniversary of the burning of the Ring theatre in 1881 when many fell victims to the flames. When stationary lamp-posts of midget size are at the sides of a plot, these are lighted, but those not thus equipped depend upon the bereaved loved ones who still remain to mourn them to carry lighted candles and torches as a means of illumination. It is a wondrous sight, when thousands of people, including little children, place burning candles at the heads of the graves. With these lights flickering from twilight far into the night and with the scent of the newly strewn flowers the Central Cemetery leaves a lasting impression.

Exposing The Ocean Sharpers

By A. OAKEY HALL

IT was my ill and also good fortune some time ago to fall into the clutches of three Western crooks while voyaging to Liverpool on a Cunarder with old Captain Haines. A fellow passenger with me was a banking promoter and prospector, resident in London, who had been visiting Colorado and Nevada mines on a business tour, since the great war in Europe was ended. He and I had adjacent seats at the dining table and in the course of conversation the card games came up as a topic. A really distinguished-looking passenger—a cross in dress, appearance, and action, between a well-to-do clergyman and a judge—who sat near joined in our after-dinner talk, and admitted that he was an amateur player and would be glad some time to join us in a game, but only with a considerable limit.

Wherefore, it came to pass, that one morning in the smoking-room on deck, my banker friend, seeing this clerical-judicial gentleman near by, suggested that a game might be had, if we could find a fourth. At that moment another passenger, who had been standing at the deck door, lazily gazing out upon the ocean, turned around and pleasantly said: "Is it poker you are about to indulge in? If you want another hand and can make allowances for an indifferent player, I will join you."

Our dinner-table friend looked a bit askance at the suggestion, and whispered something to my banker friend, which the new spokesman observing, added, "Oh, but I must introduce myself," and taking out a very handsome tortoise card-case, produced three bits of pasteboard for us, on which was embossed 'Arthur Brandon, 19 Tchoupitoulas street, New Orleans," and adding: "It is unnecessary for you to need introduction, for every one on board has already, through the passenger list and inquiry, made the saloon identification of so widely known a Londoner and so popular a journalist," bowing to each of us. Whereupon, our other table acquaintance rejoined: "But I am too modest a man to be favored by publicity—I am Mortimer Hendricks of St. Louis," and looking at the cards, "If I am not much mistaken, my firm has had the honor of business correspondence with Mr. Brandon."

Both the new-comers had insisted upon a light limit of a sovereign, or five dollars, and agreed with me and my friend that a card game was only worth playing for its exciting interest and not for mere winnings.

One of them played really well, but the other seemed amateurish with his questions, which tended to disarm any possible suspicions we might have had.

Our first jack-pot amounted to only fifteen dollars which we pocketed. Again came a second, third and fourth game with only equally slight winnings on our side. Interrupted by the luncheon bell our antagonists hoped that in the evening they might take revenge.

There ensued at that time another game at which a foreign-looking passenger made his appearance and chipped into some of the by-play remarks of our party in a very offhand, witty manner, but he seemed to be very peripatetic in his walking around the small apartment seemingly listlessly smoking his cigar. On this second occasion our luck began to change, and my friend and I finally went to our berths joint losers in about twenty pounds' worth of chips.

On the next day luck alternated slightly in our favor, but on the third morning, perhaps somewhat exhilarated by some wine of which the player from New Orleans insisted upon our partaking, we acceded to passing the original limit, so that play rapidly rose into the scores of pounds, and in the main we became very heavy losers. Our antagonists had worked into the lucky fashion of often holding three of a kind, and their supply of mutually elastic aces was not infrequent, and I left the smoking saloon a hundred pounds out, with my friend losing nearly as much. However, our antagonists were regretfully suave, and indeed proved to be considerate and agreeable in intercourse, the St. Louis passenger being indeed particularly witty with narrative of Western manners and life.

Captain Haines on the following day met me on deck. He inquired how our poker party was getting along, and grew very interested when I referred to the elastic manner in which a poor player had suddenly become a seeming expert and how luck had rapidly changed against us, and what lucky hands our antagonists held. Then he asked: "Is there in the smoking-room any passenger, not a player, who seems apparently interested in the game, and who frequently crosses it towards the saloon door?" And I immediately mentioned the foreigner.

"I'm afraid that the three are of the card-sharping gang that has given our steamers an awful lot of bother; but I shall have a watch. Go on with your game in the morning, and the second steward, who is a clever card player himself and a born detective also, can easily move about the smoking saloon, or in its vicinity, so as to watch your antagonists."

That succeeding game proved equally disastrous to us, and the good cards of our antagonists, ever lucky in the draw, so we again heavily lost. I began to believe in Captain Haines' warning, and so personally watched for

symptoms of foul play, and especially kept guard on the peripatetic foreigner.

In the afternoon the captain said to me: "I was right; the steward's report is that you have been systematically victimized. As captain I could, of course, explode them and even put them under confinement; but I don't care to have a row. I suggest that you fight fire with fire, and use against them their own ammunition of unfairness. To-morrow let your London friend feign indisposition and not care to play, while you alone tackle the other two. I shall manage, when you begin the game, to get away the foreigner, who is very sweet upon one of the lady passengers, that I shall make his temporary decoy. Then have your London acquaintance take up the rôle of walking delegate while the game proceeds; arrange signals with him, through his handling his cigar, as to the hands each opponent has, and as he walks about he will be able to catch glimpses of their cards as the foreigner did, and as correspondingly telegraph you whether to draw, or call, or bet, and lead them to agree to pass the limit. I hear from the purser that both are well provided with the stuff. I should be the last man in the world to abet in a skin game, but these fellows can only be fought and punished with their own ammunition. But, above all, it is the suggestion of my steward that on some pretext you change the position of your opponents from the broadside of the table to its long side, so that their feet cannot possibly meet under it. These sharps, my steward claims, have arranged toe and heel signals as to their respective holdings—such a pressure signifying one hand, and another pressure still another holding of pairs, and so on."

My London friend fell readily into the recriminatory scheme, and we ourselves arranged signals through methods in which he would hold his cigar or blow its smoke upward, downward or sidewise, in order to acquaint me with their cards, while he, like the foreigner, would apparently innocently walk about.

At the next game the captain's scheme worked admirably. They became willing to drop my indisposed but walking delegate as player for the time, and accept me as sole antagonist. Making an excuse as to the plunging of the vessel, I separated them at the table from their (not under-handed exactly, but under-footed) intercourse, and soon pretending vexation at my previous losses, urged higher play, which they readily acceded to, although apparently deprecating it—and perhaps sincerely, since they had lost the foreign sentinel, whom, as I afterwards discovered, had been nicely waylaid by the captain and his innocent feminine ally. Moreover, they had also lost the chance of toe-and-heel signaling.

At first they were allowed to have the best of me, until after a while I succeeded in our obtaining a five-hundred-pound jack-pot, which, by the aid of the cigar smoke signals, I was able to finally capture and pocket, thus recovering all my previous losses and those of my sign-giving partner in our recoupment methods, and a handsome surplus of winnings besides. They were very effusive in their congratulations at my luck, and rather chaffed my late London partner at his having the temporary indisposition which had debarred him from being sharer in my luck.

But we parted with the expectation of renewing the contest on the following day, when they promised themselves revenge. That, however, did not occur, because I really became ill, and was compelled to keep my state-room, where the ship's surgeon demanded my absolute rest. We were then already in St. George's Channel steaming for the Mersey.

After squaring with my London friend, I took the precaution of lodging my winnings with the purser. After our reimbursement it was our intention to leave the surplus in the purser's hands, to be turned over to the usual charity into which are awarded the proceeds of the saloon entertainments, always given by passengers in the closing hours of a voyage.

Passenger Brandon of Tchoupitoulas street, New Orleans, happened to be in the purser's office, into which, when ascending the Mersey, I had gone to draw my funds and settle the bill for wine and extras. Brandon pleasantly rallied me again upon my luck, but his words were very much at variance with the scowl upon his face as he saw me placing in my portemonnaie the roll of Bank of England notes.

Having booked in Liverpool on arrival for the night at the well-known North Western Hotel, adjacent to the railway station, I was about retiring, when passing through the office I chanced to look at the register and there saw the name of the St. Louis player just inscribed in bold letters—Mortimer Hendricks. Usually upon retiring at any hotel, where a bolt is missing upon the bedroom door, I withdraw the key after locking, so as to avoid any use of nippers which hotel thieves carry, and with which they can grasp the ball of the key and turn it from the outside. But, as subsequently appeared, this method left me exposed to the operation of a skeleton key.

Only he who has slept a week in the berth of an ocean steamer fairly and fully realizes the luxury of repose after it upon a wide spring mattress on shore. I was in the enjoyment of that luxury when something awoke me. Awoke me to see moving about the bedroom a figure. The chamber was in the rear of the hotel looking out upon the platforms of the railway station, into which a train was just on the point of entry, and its bull's-eye light sufficiently shone into the room to enable me to distinguish the back of a man engaged, to quote police vernacular—"in going through my garments." To do that he had laid a revolver on the chair. Mine was not a suicidal folding bed, nor yet a creaking wooden one, but a firm brass and iron bed, which made no noise as I silently moved out of it, and noise-

lessly crept up to the intruder and with a first instinct grasped the pistol. At that moment he turned, just as a gleam of the locomotive headlight outside struck his face. It was that of Mortimer Hendricks, the St. Louis card sharper, and now evidently posing as a hotel thief intent upon the money I had won.

I remember the eyes of the elder Booth, when in boyhood I saw them at the footlights, while he had, as Richard the Third, arisen from his dream and recited, "Oh, coward conscience, how the lights burn blue," and I have seen white faces upon a scaffold, but no eyes were more horror-stricken, and no face whiter than were now turned to mine, only to confront the muzzle of his own pistol. He dropped my coat, that he was holding in his hand—the money was under my pillow—and looked appalled.

Still pointing the pistol, I said: "Good-morning, Mr. Hendricks of St. Louis—take a seat, and let us talk this matter over."

"Yes, I was after your roll of notes. I am stranded. For some reason I am refused passage back with moneys to be paid on my arrival, and I was driven to this by necessities."

He spoke abjectly; all such creatures do when cornered, just as the rat squeals shrillest when also cornered by the terrier.

I answered: "You are in my power, but I shall not only (pistol still at his head, and he made no attempt to grapple it) let you go, but give you money to pay your passage back, if in the interest of poker players you will, before you leave this room, tell me how you do it."

"No one knows better than I when I am taken dead to rights, but of all the eccentric Americans I have ever met, you are miles ahead. D'ye mean what you say?"

My head and the pistol nodded together.

"Yer look as if you meant it, and you can prove it by handing me a hundred and fifty of the notes I saw you have in the purser's office. That will take me back to the States, and as you and the captain have somehow spoiled my ocean games, for the future I'll go back to the Western rivers for my profession. You need not think I shall give it up. It pays," and he drew a deep sigh, but whether of satisfaction or regret was doubtful. I was impressed with his sang-froid; and seeing that he had placed himself in the confessional box, I had only to keep silent like a priest and to listen.

"You want to know how we fleece our countrymen and the Britishers? Is it that you want to improve on your own methods and take up with the skin profesh?"—and his tone made a feeble attempt at the sarcastic.

"Bless your innocence, it's an easy explanation, and lies in a nutshell. One pressure of toe upon toe between me and partner means one pair; another kind of pressure of toe against heel means something else of telltale as to our hand; so does a mere rubbing of shoe against shoe; then cards held in a certain pose make sign manual for other indications; all arranged and understood beforehand like the magician and his pal; and then when we have a sentinel to lounge around the table and telegraph similarly by the pointing of a finger on the face or a wave of cigar or its smoke, what more is wanted? If you know the hands of cards that are opposed to you in any game, except perhaps faro, isn't the game always in your own keeps?"

I gave him the money and he quitted the room with a mock bow, and I could hear his stealthy steps as he strode away. We met next morning in the breakfast room and the assurance of his manner was a triumph to his ability as an actor.

Time passed and I was again in New York, where having occasion to look at Superintendent Byrnes' book I turned its latest pages when almost the latest photo was unmistakably that of my St. Louis card sharp.

"What has he been doing?" I asked the police chief, pointing to the picture.

"Doubtless you know him. Caught red-handed at the Victoria Hotel thieving from a lodger at night—he posing as a wealthy English tourist and disarming suspicion. But we know as yet nothing of his antecedents."

"Then I can enlighten you," I added, and I told my adventures with him.

"Write it out," sententiously remarked the chief, "and print it. The publication may put many an ocean traveler on his guard and be of public service. There is a lot of card-sharping still done on steamers, although of late captains are wary, and they and stewards become amateur detectives and warn passengers. But usually I send one of my men down on every steamship to return with the pilot, and meanwhile suspicious passengers are sure to come out of their cabins and are likely to get spotted and quietly exposed to the officers who are afterwards put on guard. Regarding the spotting of crooks, I and some of my men have acquired the remarkable intuition of women. Even the greenhorn and fresh crook has a curious self-consciousness about him that gives him away to us."

I have taken his advice.

FAILED TO BRING DEAD BACK TO LIFE

JOE THOMAS, an aged negro, at Miami, Fla., February 4, failed to make good a contract to bring back to life the husband of a negro woman. She said she gave him $15 and the departed spouse's gold watch for the job. He said he buried the timepiece at the grave to arouse the sleeper, but it didn't work; therefore the reason for his arrest.

The court said it looked like false pretenses, and bound Joe over.

Current News

ULTIMATUM TO STUDENTS

Girl students at the Randolph-Macon Institute, part of the Southern Methodist institution, Danville, Va., have been told in blunt terms they must wear their stockings as their mothers taught them and not in conformity with fashion's latest edict, which provides for the rolling process and knee lengths.

From sources of unquestioned authority comes words that within the last few days the faculty of teachers were called together and served what was little short of an ultimatum to the student body. Failure to comply will be met with severe reprisals.

GIRL OF EIGHT STOWAWAY

Immigration officials of New York, inspecting the steamship Dante Alighieri from Genoa recently found the youngest stowaway who ever has entered this port. She was Nina Lombardo, eight years old. Smiling and happy, the girl was taken with the other steerage passengers to Ellis Island. It is believed she was put aboard ship at Genoa by her mother.

How Nina existed during the long voyage is unknown. But she appeared healthy and well fed. the child brought a letter addressed to an uncle, Michael Lombardo, of No. 51 East 109th street, who may get custody of her after furnishing bond for her proper care.

THIEVES WERE FOOLED IN ANCIENT ROYAL "GEMS"

French bandits are not always as clever as they seem, as a recent robbery in the National Museum at Saint-German-en-Laye proves.

Guards found a ladder against one of the castle windows recently and on making an investigation discovered that a glass case containing jeweled crowns and bracelets of old Kings of Gaul had been broken open and rifled. Great was the hullaballoo until the news reached Solomon Reinach, the director of the museum, who announced with a broad grin that the stolen "jewels" were only paste replicas and that the real jewels were safely reposing in the castle vaults.

INFANT PRODIGY

The recently published story of Ralph Edgar Spriggs, of Little Rock, Ark., who at the age of thirty-four months is able to read, has brought forward a rival for infant educational honors in James William Stroh, thirty-eight months old son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Stroh, of Stuttgart. A resident of Stuttgart vouches for the fact that at the age of eighteen months little James William recognized and pronounced the entire alphabet, and when only two years old could spell words of three and four letters and recite nursery rhymes. He is able at the present time to read sentences, either written or printed, and is said to be very fond of his books.

SNEEZES; OUT GOES GAS

Gas supplied in Jamaica, L. I., has greatly deteriorated in quality, according to complaints of many consumers. The latest is that of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas D. Hyatt, of No. 93 Shelton avenue.

They were sitting in their living room one evening recently when Mrs. Hyatt felt a draught that made her sneeze. Immediately the gas went out.

"It went out when I sneezed!" she explained to her husband.

Mr. Hyatt, who was for many years in the New York Custom House, doubted the possibility of this. Shortly thereafter he had to drive a nail in the room, and at the first blow of the hammer out went the gas.

"We'll have electric lights," said Mr. Hyatt, and they now have them. Mrs. Hyatt can sneeze in light and comfort, and her husband can drive all the nails he wishes.

SKULLS OF PREHISTORIC RACE FOUND ON ISLAND

Nearly fifty skulls, believed to have belonged to people who inhabited the Island of Masbate, one of the Philippine group just south of the Island of Luzon, at a much earlier period than the present Filipino race, were found in a cave recently on that island by Dr. W. D. Smith, chief of the mines division of the bureau of science of the Phippine government.

It is the belief of Dr. Smith that the location of the cave was not known to the natives of the island, being far from any habitation.

Besides the skulls, many primitive implements of carpentry and warfare were collected and brought to Manila. These consisted of stone hatchets, axes, scrapers, pipes, pots and a strange amulet. Deer teeth and shells were also found in the cave, leading Dr. Smith to the conclusion that the primitive cave dwellers lived by hunting and fishing.

Professor H. O. Beyer, of the anthropological department of the University of the Philippines, who has the skulls and other relics brought from the cave, expressed the belief that they belonged to the early Indonesian peoples, who emigrated to the Philippines in prehistoric times. Some of the skulls also were found to be artificially deformed, a custom of deforming the head artificially having prevailed in some parts of Europe in very early times.

GETS FOUR BABIES IN BASKET

Mrs. M. L. Leonard, Dallas Texas, January 22 placed a small basket lined with downy blankets on her doorstep a week ago and announced through Dallas newspapers that her basket would be kept there to receive homeless and unwanted babies. This morning she took from the basket a ten-pound boy—the fourtth baby to find a haven there this week.

"I do not know where they come from and I do not want to know," Mrs. Leonard said to-day. "But I do know that from now on they will be well taken care of and that they will go into good homes where they will be appreciated."

Mrs. Leonard said the basket will remain on the doorstep.

PSYCHOANALYSIS LATEST REMEDY FOR ALL WORRIES

Psychoanalysis is the latest intellectual craze in London, and a number of "consulting psychoanalysists" already have appeared here. By analysis of the dreams of their clients they claim to reveal the thought process of the subconscious mind, and thus suggest thought action which will cure the patient of worries and anxieties from which he or she is suffering.

Some of these enthusiasts, who outdistance Freud, find in dreams the medium through which all physical and spiritual ills can be remedied. They advocate applying the principles of psychoanalysis to education in order better to judge the child's fitness for vocational training and the direction of his after life.

FINDS A REAL PARADISE

Thomas Kelley, a farmhand in Paradise, Kan., 60 years old, has just received a present that belonged to anybody until a few days ago.

Kelley has been working in this community as a farmhand for some years. Near Paradise is the Worley ranch, consisting of several thousand acres. It has been the opinion of all that Worley owned all the land. Kelley began an investigation and discovered that eighty acres near the centre of the ranch never had been homesteaded.

He immediately took up the matter with the Topeka land office and is now practically the owner of the farm, worth approximately $5,000. The land is in the heart of a rich and fertile valley, noted for raising wheat. Most of the farm is under cultivation.

Kelley will improve the land at once and will erect a house to live in.

MOTHER EARTH'S AGE IS 500,000,000 YEARS

Abbe Theodore Moreaux, director of the observatory of Bourges, in an article in La Revue du Ciel, declares the world to be 500,000,000 years old, instead of 50,000,000, the opinion of other astronomers.

Abbe Moreaux also thinks that man has existed for tens of thousands of years instead of the 6,000 based on figures in the Bible. He says the belief of German scientists that human beings have existed for 400,000 years has no basis in fact. The Bible's 6,000 years are an invention of the translators and copyists, he declares, as Genesis makes no mention of dates.

Life, Abbe Moreaux says, has existed on the earth for at least 240,000,000 to 260,000,000 years, although it has not been human life. He says the moon was not once part of the earth, but was a sun, since extinct, but it once aided in warming the earth.

GOT THEIR SHOES CHEAP

Violetsville folk were convinced very recently that the price of shoes had dropped a great deal when they were able to purchase new shoes at anywhere from 75 cents to $2.25 a pair—and they bought them. Not only did practically every man in and around Violetsville buy shoes, but some of them bought several pairs. One bought ten pairs, paying $7 for the lot.

Almost every man in and about Violetsville was wearing new shoes. They are worrying to-night, for they have discovered that the shoes were stolen and the York police are now trying to recover them. They had recovered nearly fifty pairs to-night, and also bundles of stockings, workingmen's shirts and underwear.

Violetsville, Pa., is a village just south of the York city limits and here, on the new State road, about 9 o'clock one morning a motor truck with four men and a load of shoes and clothing stopped and here the bright Sunday morning was enlivened by a street auction. A crowd soon gathered and the strangers had no difficulty in finding bidders and buyers, as any price was taken.

BATS, BLIND-FOLDED, ESCAPE ALL OBSTRUCTIONS

Professor J. Arthur Thomson, speaking before the Royal Institute recently, told of interesting experiments made in testing the delicate sense of hearing in bats. Bats were bandaged so that they could not see at all and placed in dark rooms, across which wires were strung in all directions. The bats were able to fly about freely and never collided with the wires in their flight.

A suggested solution of the mystery is that the bat while flying utters a shrill piping sound, so shrill that it is inaudible to the low-keyed human ear. This sound may cause a vibration of the wires which in turn is heard by the bat, warning it that there is an obstacle in its path.

The lecture closed a series dealing with natural life and evolution. The speaker discussed the insect group, stating that there is always a danger to the world in the rapid multiplication of insects. If there were no check on insect life, he said, or if the present checks were removed, insects would multiply until they caused the ultimate disappearance of the human race.

"UNLIFTABLE" BOXER RAISED FROM FLOOR BY SWISS HERCULES

Johnny Coulon, the "unliftable" American boxer, who puzzled Paris by his strange power and who has been touring Switzerland giving exhibitions and defying efforts to elevate him, was raised from the floor twice at Geneva on February 7 by Maurice Deriaz, Swiss wrestling champion. Deriaz also declares he is the world's champion strong man.

On several occasions Deriaz failed to raise Coulon, and the latter charges that the wrestler did not comply with his conditions in the performance at the Apollo Theater. Coulon was lifted several times in France, but each time contended that his rules had not been complied with.

Coulon places one finger on the would-be lifter's neck and a finger of the other hand on the wrist and then, taking a firm stand, resists efforts to move him from the floor. His opponent places both hands on the subject's hips, and that was the first time Coulon had been lifted under these circumstances, it is said.

The boxer, however, charges that Deriaz stood close to Coulon's body instead of remaining away from his side, as the conditions prescribe.

Deriaz has followed Coulon about Switzerland and attempted without success to lift him at previous exhibitions at Lausanne, Montreaux and Chaux-de-Fonds. He says that the boxer merely digs his fingers into his opponent's neck, inflicting great pain and counterbalancing the efforts to lift him. There have been numerous other explanations offered.

Coulon was disturbed over the success of Deriaz and refused to continue his demonstrations. Another wrestling champion, André Charpillat, wanted to make the attempt after Deriaz succeeded, but Coulon refused to allow him to try.

In Paris noted scientists studied Coulon and his power, and the French Academy of Sciences sent an investigator to make a report.

ANALYSIS OF TRADITIONAL GHOSTS

Many people who "do not believe in ghosts" would hesitate to spend a night alone in a haunted house. So strong is the effect of inherited tradition that it overcomes our common sense and, like conscience, makes cowards of us all. For the belief in ghosts is worldwide and of extreme antiquity. It exists to-day throughout the globe, among every race from the most primitive to the most highly civilized.

Popular beliefs die hard, and it is easy to understand that once the idea of ghosts had arisen it might continue to exist for countless generations. The difficulty is to explain how a superstition so contrary to common sense could have first arisen.

A new solution of the mystery has recently been suggested in "The Burial of the Dead." According to this latest theory, ghosts were originally not disembodied spirits but living men. A survey of superstitions throughout the world discloses the fact that there are certain characteristics common to the ghosts of all nations. Among other things, they suffer from hunger and cold. So the good-natured Breton peasant, when he goes to bed at night, is in the habit of leaving a little food on the table and some fire in the grate so that the poor ghosts may eat and warm themselves.

Again, among many races it is believed that a ghost may be wounded or even killed, and it is not uncommon for savages to organize ghost hunts.

The same idea is prevalent in Europe with regard to vampires. A vampire, according to popular superstition, is the ghost of a dead man which leaves the corpse at night to go and suck the blood of living people while they sleep. The corpse may easily be recognized because it remains fresh, supple and ruddy; it will bleed when cut, and even move or shriek. The traditional method of "laying" a vampire is to drive a stake through the corpse or to cut off the head; in short, to kill it. These and other beliefs indicate that the superstition originally had reference to living men.

In the early ages of human existence times were hard and men were cruel. Small communities struggling for existence could not afford to support useless members, and the folklore of many races tends to show that the sick and injured and those who were too old or feeble to take their share of the hardships and dangers were driven out of the settlement and left to feed for themselves as best they could.

Their condition must have been pitiable in the extreme, and death must soon have come to them. But while they lived hunger must have driven them to return to the settlement in search of food. The most favorable opportunity to do so unperceived would be during the hours of darkness, and this precisely is the time when ghosts are said to walk—"the very witching time of night, when churchyards yawn." At dawn they vanish; cock-crow is the signal for their retreat.

So the belief in ghosts records the efforts of those who had been driven out to return to their homes. But if they were living men how did the idea arise that they were dead? This is explained by what Max Muller called a disease of language. The men were not dead, but they were about to die. Primitive language may have had but one word to describe both, and in that monumental work, "The Golden Bough," Sir J. G. Frazer mentions races living to-day who have only one word to describe the dead and the very old who are near death. So the poverty of primitive language led to the belief that it is the dead who return to haunt the living. This, in brief, is the theory put forward in "The Burial of the Dead," but it is not likely to find favor among spiritualists and the followers of Sir Oliver Lodge.

OUR TEN-CENT HAND BOOKS

Useful, Instructive, and Amusing. They Contain Valuable Information on Almost Every Subject

No. 1. NAPOLEON'S ORACULUM AND DREAM BOOK.—Containing the great oracle of human destiny; also the true meaning of almost any kind of dreams, together with charms, ceremonies, and curious games of cards.

No. 2. HOW TO DO TRICKS.—The great book of magic and card tricks, containing full instruction on all the leading card tricks of the day, also the most popular magical illusions as performed by our leading magicians; every boy should obtain a copy of this book.

No. 3. HOW TO FLIRT.—The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of handkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window and hat flirtation, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers.

No. 4. HOW TO DANCE is the title of this little book. It contains full instructions in the art of dancing, etiquette in the ballroom and at parties, how to dress, and full directions for calling off in all popular square dances.

No. 5. HOW TO MAKE LOVE.—A complete guide to love, courtship and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed, with many curious and interesting things not generally known.

No. 6. HOW TO BECOME AN ATHLETE.—Giving full instructions for the use of dumbbells, Indian clubs, parallel bars, horizontal bars and various other methods of developing a good, healthy muscle; containing over sixty illustrations.

No. 7. HOW TO KEEP BIRDS.—Handsomely illustrated and containing full instructions for the management and training of the canary, mockingbird, bobolink, blackbird, paroquet, parrot, etc.

No. 9. HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILOQUIST.—By Harry Kennedy. Every intelligent boy reading this book of instructions can master the art, and create any amount of fun for himself and friends. It is the greatest book ever published.

No. 10. HOW TO BOX.—The art of self-defense made easy. Containing over thirty illustrations of guards, blows, and the different positions of a good boxer. Every boy should obtain one of these useful and instructive books, as it will teach you how to box without an instructor.

No. 11. HOW TO WRITE LOVE-LETTERS.—A most complete little book, containing full directions for writing love-letters, and when to use them, giving specimen letters for young and old.

No. 12. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO LADIES.—Giving complete instruction for writing letters to ladies on all subjects; also letters of introduction, notes and requests.

No. 13. HOW TO DO IT; OR, BOOK OF ETIQUETTE.—It is a great life secret, and one that every young man desires to know all about. There's happiness in it.

No. 14. HOW TO MAKE CANDY.—A complete handbook for making all kinds of candy, ice-cream, syrups, essences, etc., etc.

No. 17. HOW TO DO MECHANICAL TRICKS.—Containing complete instructions for performing over sixty mechanical tricks. Fully illustrated.

No. 18. HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.—One of the brightest and most valuable little books ever given to the world. Everybody wishes to know how to become beautiful, both male and female. The secret is simple, and almost costless.

No. 20. HOW TO ENTERTAIN AN EVENING PARTY.—A complete compendium of games, sports, card diversions, comic recitations, etc., suitable for parlor or drawing-room entertainment. It contains more for the money than any book published.

No. 21. HOW TO HUNT AND FISH.—The most complete hunting and fishing guide ever published. It contains full instructions about guns, hunting dogs, traps, trapping and fishing, together with description of game and fish.

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 10c. per copy, in money or stamps, by

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,

168 West 23d Street, New York.

TAKE NOTICE!

The feature stories already published in this magazine are worth reading. Here are the latest numbers:

NO.

26 "The Hindoo Vanishing Clue," by Pauline C. Bouve.
27 "Who Was Guilty?" by Beulah Poynter.
28 "The Evil Eye," by Chas. F. Oursler.
29 "The Thirteenth Door," by Edith Sessions Tupper.
30 "The Game of Detective Carew," by L. Jerome.
31 "Law-maker and Law-breaker," by Beulah Poynter.
32 "The Counterfeit Heiress," by Inspector J. Harrigan.
33 "Tracked to China," by Chief Roger O'Brien.
34 "After the German Spies," by May Halsey Miller.
35 "The Clue in the Box," by Alexander Douglas.
36 "Trailed by a French Detective," by Rene Renaud.
37 "A Drop of Ink," by Lieutenant Robert W. Warden.
38 "The Ten Doctors," by Allan Arnold Fox.
39 "The Stain on Page 61," by Chas. T. Jordan.
40 "A Masked Mystery," by Police Sergeant Kelly.
41 "The Black Soul," by Beulah Poynter.
42 "Sanctuary," by William Hamilton Osborne.
43 "The Mystery of the Seven Shadows," by Charles F. Oursler.
44 "The Sign of the Dragon," by C. Martin Eddy, Jr.
45 "The Magic of Detective Woo Fang," by Frank F. Whitfield.
46 "The Decoy," by William Hamilton Osborne.
47 "The House With 30 Steps," by Ralph D. Porter.
48 "When the Clock Struck 13," by Dr. Harry Enton.
49 "A Piece of Blotting Paper," by Dorothy Weber.
50 "The $200,000 Mystery," by Ethel Rosemon.
51 "The Case of Dr. Brice," by Mary R. P. Hatch.
52 "The Phantom Motor," by Laura Reid Montgomery.
53 "The Blackjack," by Wm. Hamilton Osborne.
54 "The Whispering Head," by Chas. T. Oursler.
55 "The Inspector's Strange Case," by Beulah Poynter.
56 "The Secret of the Sealed Book," by Ethel Rosemon.
57 "The Clue of Steel," by Willis Lathrop.
58 "Alias Louis Vardon," by William Hamilton Osborne.
59 "Mystery of the Old-Time Club," by Caroline Ringold.
60 "Caught With the Evidence," by Ethel Rosemon.
61 "A Little Gold Spider," by Cecil Burleigh.
62 "The Velvet Touch," by Julian Darrow.
63 "The Clue of the Red Lamp," by Chas. F. Oursler.
64 "The Scheme of Solomon Snare," by Wm. Hamilton Osborne.
65 "Quicker Than the Eye," by Ralph Cummins.
66 "The Clue in the Dark Room," by Hamilton Craigie.
67 "The Tongue of Ostris," by Marc Edmund Jones.
68 "Detective Wade's Big Case," by Ethel Rosemon.
69 "The Spirit Bell," by Chas. Fulton Oursler.
70 "The House Behind the Wall," by Julian Darrow.
71 "The Admiral's Spoons," by Wm. Hamilton Osborne.
72 "The Canine Clue," by Thos. J. Lally.
73 "The Psychic Enemy," by Arthur Wm. Andreen.
74 "The Wonder Girl," by Ralph Cummins.
75 "On the Wrong Trail," by Ethel Rosemon.
76 "The Spirit Witness," by Chas. F. Oursler.
77 "The Little White Room," by Marc Edmund Jones.
78 "The Stolen Year," by Edmund Elliot.
79 "The Affair at Hollywood House," by William Kofoed.
80 "A Keyless Mystery," by Hamilton Craigie.

If you cannot procure any of the numbers you want from your newsdealer, send us the price, ten cents, in money or postage stamp, and we will mail them to you postage free. Address

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,

168 West 23d Street, New York.

SCENARIOS HOW TO WRITE THEM

By JAMES P. COGAN Price 35 Cents Per Copy

This book contains all the most recent changes in the method of construction and submission of scenarios. Sixty Lessons, covering every phase of scenario writing, from the most elemental to the most advanced principles. This treatise covers everything a person must know in order to make money as a successful scenario writer. For sale by all News-dealers and Book-Stores. If you cannot procure a copy, send us the price, 35 cents, in money or postage stamps, and we will mail you one, postage free. Address

L. SENARENS, 219 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

LITTLE ADS

Write to Riker & King, Advertising Offices, 118 East 28th Street, New York City, or 8 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, for particulars about advertising in this magazine.

AIDS TO EFFICIENCY

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. We revise poems, write music and guarantee to secure publication. Submit poems on any subject. Broadway Studios, 165C, Fitzgerald Building, New York.

SHORTHAND—Learn complete system, few evenings (home) then acquire speed, pleasant practice. Brochure free. Save money, time, increase your efficiency, earnings. King Institute, EA-370, Station F, New York.

AGENTS

YOUR NAME on 25 linen cards and case 25 cts. Agents outfit free. Card and leather specialties. John W. Burt, Coshocton, Ohio.

MEN, get into the wonderful tailoring agency business. Big profits taking orders and your own clothes free. We furnish fine sample outfit and everything free. No experience needed. Write today. Banner Tailoring Co., Dept. E2071, Chicago.

WIDE-AWAKE MEN—To take charge of our local trade; $6 to $8 a day steady; no experience required; pay starts at once. Write today. American Products Co., 3151 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

ART AND DEN PICTURES

GIRL PICTURES—Real "Classy"; 16 (all different) $1.00; two samples, 25 cts. United Sales Co., Springfield, Ill.

PHOTO'S GIRL MODELS, Daring poses, samples 25 cts. Dozen $1.50. Shimmie Dancer, she's alive, boys, sample 25 cts. Dozen $1.50. Oriental Hula Hula Dancer, sample 25 cts. Dozen $1.50. Book Exposing gambling 25 cts. Illustrated sporting goods catalogue 10 cts. Hamilton's Company, Barnes City, Iowa.

ZEE BEAUTIFUL GIRL pictures. Twelve wonderful poses $1.00. Refunded if dissatisfied. Bairart Co., Dept. 120, St. Louis, Mo.

EXCHANGE

IF YOU WANT to sell or exchange your property write me. John J. Black, 173rd St., Chippewa Falls, Wis.

FOR SALE

SILK REMNANTS. Largest packages yet offered. Square of stamped satin free with every package. 15 cts. Silk Manufacturers Agency, Portland, Me.

A REAL OPPORTUNITY calls you to Antrim and Kalkaska counties, Mich. Raise big crops on our hardwood lands. Close to markets, schools, R. R., only $15 to $35 per acre. Easy terms. Write for big free booklet. Swigart, M1268 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

REAL ARMY EMBLEMS. Collection of various kinds sent postpaid on receipt of 25 cts. Money or stamps. Schaff, 357-15 S. E., Washington, D. C.

HELP WANTED

WANTED—1,500 Railway Traffic Inspectors; no experience; train for this profession thru spare time home-study; easy terms; $110 to $200 monthly and expenses guaranteed, or money back. Outdoors; local or traveling; under big men who reward ability. Get Free Booklet, CM-101, Standard Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

MEN WANTED for Detective Work. Experience unnecessary. Write J. Ganor, Former U. S. Govt. Detective, 132, St. Louis, Mo.

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. Great demand for men and women. Fascinating work. Particulars free. Write, American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

LADIES WANTED, and **MEN,** too, to address envelopes and mail advertising matter at home for large mail order firms, spare or whole time. Can make $10 to $35 wkly. No capital or experience required. Book explaining everything; send 10 cts. to cover postage, etc. Ward Pub. Co., Tilton, N. H.

BE A DETECTIVE. Opportunity for men and women for secret investigation in your district. Write C. T. Ludwig, 521 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo

DETECTIVES earn big money. Travel and good opportunities. We show you how. Write American School of Criminology, Dept. M, Detroit, Mich.

MISCELLANEOUS

PATENTS, Trademark, Copyright—foremost word free. Long experience as patent solicitor. Prompt advice, charges very reasonable. Correspondence solicited. Results procured. Metzger, Washington, D. C.

ELECTRICAL Tatooing Machine, $3, $5 and $7. Catalogue for stamp. J. H. Temke, 1019 Vine, K, Cincinnati, O.

BOOKS—PHOTOS—NOVELTIES—Just what you want. Big illustrated catalog, 10 cents. United Sales Co., Springfield, Ill.

MISCELLANEOUS—Continued

MOUSTACHE. Best invigorant, is Kotalko, contains genuine bear oil and other potent ingredients. Send 10 cents for proof box of this true hair grower. Kotalko Offices, BA-370, Station X, New York.

TWENTY movie stars' pictures 10 cents. Chas. Durso, Dept. 39, 25 Mulberry St., N. Y. City.

WORLD'S SMALLEST BIBLE! Illustrated. 10 cts. (silver) Manuco, 320 W. Goethe St., Chicago.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

AMBITIOUS WRITERS of Photoplays, Short Stories, Poems, Songs, send today for Free, valuable, instructive book, "KEY TO SUCCESSFUL WRITING" including 65 helpful suggestions on writing and selling. Auto Publishing Co., 522 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

EARN $50 weekly spare time at home writing photoplays. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. Playwriters Co., Dept. 1418, St. Louis, Mo.

PERSONAL

MARRIAGE PAPER. Big issue with descriptions, photos, names and addresses, 25 cents. No other fee. Sent sealed. Box 3317A, Boston, Mass.

MARRY IF LONESOME—Ladies' Membership Free. Gentlemen's Membership two months 25 cents. One year, $1.00. Copy members names, addresses, 10 cents. Sweetheart's Magazine, Barnes City, Iowa.

MARRY—Thousands people; all ages; worth $5,000 to $100,000; anxious for marriage; write for my list; FREE. Ralph Hyde, B-2, Minna St., San Francisco, Cal.

PIMPLES—Acne eruptions, face or body; I know the cause, my internal treatment removes it; my special external preparation eradicates all blemishes and restores natural skin. Booklet for stamp. Dr. Rodgers, 135 East 47th St., Chicago.

WRITE Lillian Sproul, Station H, Cleveland, O., if you wish a pretty and wealthy wife. Enclose stamped envelope.

SINCERE LADIES and GENTLEMEN who wish to marry, Confidential and satisfaction. Box 73, Arcade Station, Los Angeles, Calif.

LONELY MAIDEN, 28, would marry. Write for picture. Box 150K, Syracuse, N. Y.

MARRY. Successful "Home Maker." Hundreds rich. Confidential, reliable, years' experience, descriptions free. The Successful Club, Box 556, Oakland, Cal.

MARRY RICH, hundreds anxious, descriptive list free, satisfaction guaranteed. Select Club, Dept. A, Rapid City, So. Dak.

SIXTH AND SEVENTH BOOKS OF MOSES. Egyptian secrets. Black art, other rare books. Catalog free. Star Book Co., R-122, Camden, N. J.

MARRY: Thousands congenial people, worth from $1,000 to $30,000 seeking early marriage, descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

GET MARRIED—Best Matrimonial paper published. Mailed FREE. American Distributor, Suite 217, Blairsville, Penna.

MARRY—FREE PHOTOS beautiful ladies; descriptions and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 245, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY with photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 545, Kansas City, Mo.

303 NAMES, Addresses descriptions, also pictures, lonesome marriageable people, 25 cts. Box 3317E, Boston, Mass.

INTERESTED IN MATRIMONY? Write Chicago Friendship Club, Box 749, Chicago, Ill. Enclose stamped envelope.

YOUNG WIDOW with $60,000 wishes to marry some kind gentleman, Box 55, Oxford, Fla.

BERTHA, will return with old time love if you become slender again. Get Korein tabules, any druggist. Joe.

SCIENTIFIC

CRYSTAL GAZING—How to develop efficiency. Send stamp for free instructions. Birthday readings. Strong and weak points, health, business, Marriage and other valuable hints. Twenty-five cents. "Zanetig," Asbury Park, N. J.

YOUR LIFE STORY in the stars. Send birth date and dime for trial reading. Sherman, Rapid City, S. Dak.

ASTROLOGY—STARS TELL LIFE'S STORY. Send birthdate and dime for trial reading. Eddy, 4307 Jefferson, Kansas City, Mo. Apartment 73.

SONGWRITERS

HAVE YOU SONG POEMS? I have best proposition. RAY HIBBELER, D104, 4040 Dickens Ave., Chicago.

ODD CLOVER

Even in Druidic worship, in pre-Christian times, the trefoil leaves of the clover plant were symbols of religion, setting forth the three grades of Druids, Bards and Neophites. In Christian mythology its leaf is frequently held to symbolize the Trinity, and some Irish authorities insist that it is the true original shamrock which St. Patrick used to illustrate how three separate objects, such as leaves, could be one.

The four-leaf clover is a freak growth, and the causes that produce it are heredity and nutrition. After a moist season clover plants with from four to seven leaves, and some having only two leaves, are found. Some plants are abnormal by heredity, and reproduce themselves with the same characteristics in successive years when their environment remains the same, external influences merely modifying the size of the leaves

In Germany it is believed a four-leaf clover will overcome witchery, win love, guard one from danger when traveling and secure a safe return, and if plucked on St. John's Eve will enable the finder to work wonders in magic.

SIGNS OF GOLD VEIN FRENCH VILLAGE

The peaceful village life in Coudray - Montceaux, in the Seine et Oise, only half an hour's ride by train from Paris, has been greatly excited by the discovery of metal bearing sand, the color of which indicates a gold vein, less than twenty-five feet below the surface of the ground. Samples of the sand have been sent to State chemists, who refuse to make any comment until the analyses are completed. The discovery was made on the farm of a retired Government clerk while drilling for water.

Speculation in adjoining properties, however, has already begun, owners of the land refusing offers four times the former value of their property, although as yet they have nothing definite to justify the belief that a new Klondike has been discovered. In fact, a reporer succeeded in getting a handful of the sand, which he brought back to Paris. He was assured by a chemist after a moment's examination of it that it was nothing more than ferruginous flakes (fool's gold), similar to the iron pyrites which early explorers in America brought to Europe by shipload. —New York Herald.

WEDDING RING FREE
10 kt. fine, gold filled wedding or band ring, your size. Well made, highly polished, warranted 3 years. To make friends and introduce our Magazine and Ring Bargains, send 15 cts. for a 9 months' subscription, and this Ring, your size, will be sent FREE, postpaid. Al. McPhillips, 618 W. 43d St., Dept. 12-P, New York

MORE Finger Print Experts are needed. Men who are masters of this profession are scarce. The demand for Finger Print Experts is great. As a special inducement we will give you free of charge our new easy reading course in Secret Service Intelligence if you enroll at once.

Be a Finger Print Expert

Build up a business on the basis of a trained brain. You can do it as a master of the Finger Print profession. There is crying need for Finger Print Experts right now and the demand for these trained men is growing every day. A profession that offers wonderful opportunities for advancement. Governments, corporations, police departments, institutions and individuals have constant use for these specially trained men. The work is fascinating and

The Pay Is Big!

No special education is necessary. *You* can become a master of this profession by studying at home in your spare time. Expert Finger Print men travel all over the country solving mysteries that baffle all others. They are important men and highly regarded and envied by every one.

Mail the Coupon

Get full information about this great profession and our big offer of a free course in Secret Service Intelligence. The mastery of these two closely allied professions places a brilliant career within your grasp. Achievements that will immediately place the stamp of success upon you, are now possible. Send this coupon for full information NOW.

University of Applied Science

Desk 1563 1920 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago

Gentlemen: Without any obligations whatever, send me your new FREE book on Finger Prints and your offer of a free course in Secret Service Intelligence.

Name .....

Address .....

Age..... Occupation.....

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

WARNING

In keeping your bowels regular do not become addicted to weakening purgatives or mineral laxatives; just try KOROLAX; safe, gentle, wholesome. Best and goes farthest. Obtainable at busy druggists, everywhere. Korolax is superior for overcoming cause of many ailments, including headaches, dizzy spells, belching, gas, heartburn, torpid liver, nervousness, indigestion, mental and physical dullness.

MARRY FOR HAPPINESS, prosperity. Hundreds rich, worth to $65,000. Quickest results. Long established, reliable, confidential. Descriptions FREE. MRS. BUDD, Box 753, San Francisco, Cal.

MADE TO MEASURE

Express or Postage Prepaid

$13.50

This offer is one of the biggest, most generous ever made by any tailoring house. It's your one big opportunity to get a finely tailored-to-measure 2 piece suit with box back, superbly trimmed and cut in the latest city style for only $13.50.

We're out to beat high tailoring prices

You save $3 to $11. Why not save 50% on your next suit? We have such a tremendous business, buy all materials in such large quantities and have such a perfect organization that we can make these wonderful prices —and remember we guarantee style, fit, and workmanship or your money back.

Big Sample Outfit FREE

Write us today and we will mail you absolutely FREE our beautiful illustrated pattern book showing dozens of the latest city styles and designs, also many large size cloth samples to choose from. Don't delay; we urge you to act quick; today.

The Progress Tailoring Co., Dept. 310, Chicago

TOBACCO HABIT
Crushes Helpless Victims

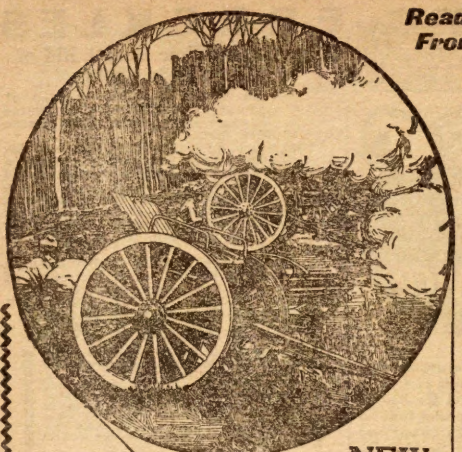
Not only is tobacco filthy and disgusting to your loved ones, but it contains a Deadly Poison which weakens heart, stomach, lowers vitality and invites disease that may shorten your life. STOP! Regain vigor, but don't shock your system by trying to quit unaided.

EASY TO QUIT

It makes no difference how long you have used tobacco whether you smoke cigarettes, pipe, cigars, chew or use snuff, Nix-O-Tine Tobacco Remedy will free you from the craving quickly and for good. No further desire for tobacco. Guaranteed harmless. Has cured thousands of worst cases. If it cures, costs $1. **SENT ON TRIAL** No charge if it fails.

Write today for full remedy on trial

PERKINS CHEMICAL COMPANY, E-12, Hastings, Nebr.



Read These Letters From Happy Boys:

Shows Clear Pictures

I have been very slow in sending you an answer. I received my Moving Picture Machine a few weeks ago and I think it is a dandy, and it shows the pictures clear just as you said it would. I am very proud of it. I thank you very much for it and I am glad to have it. I save an entertainment two days after I got it. Leopold Lamontagne, 54 Summer Ave., Central Falls, R. I.

Sold His for $10.00 and Ordered Another

Some time ago I got one of your Machines and I am very much pleased with it. After working it for about a month I sold it for $10.00 to a friend of mine. He has it and entertains his family nightly. I have now decided to get another one of your machines. Michael Ehereth, Mandan, N. Dak.

Would Not Give Away for $25.00

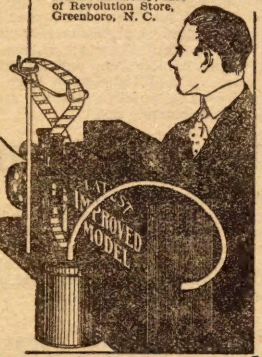
My Moving Picture Machine is a good one and I would not give it away for $25.00. It's the best machine I ever had and I wish everybody could have one. Addie Breaky, Jeanesville, Pa. Box 34.

Better Than a $12.00 Machine

I am slow about turning in my thanks to you, but my Moving Picture Machine is all right. I have had it a long time and it has not been broken yet. I have seen a $12.00 Machine but would not swap mine for it. Robert Lineberry, care of Revolution Store, Greenboro, N. C.

A Real Moving Picture Show in Your Own Home

NEW ELECTRIC MODEL



Remember, this is a Genuine Moving Picture Machine and the motion pictures are clear, sharp and distinct.

The Moving Picture Machine is finely constructed, and carefully put together by skilled workmen. It is made of Russian Metal, has a beautiful finish, and is operated by a finely constructed mechanism, consisting of an eight wheel movement, etc. The projecting lenses are carefully ground and adjusted, triple polished, standard double extra reflector, throwing a ray of light many feet, and enlarging the picture on the screen up to three or four feet in area.

It is not a toy; it is a solidly constructed and durable Moving Picture Machine. The mechanism is exceedingly simple and is readily operated by the most inexperienced. The pictures shown by this marvelous Moving Picture Machine are not the common, crude and lifeless Magic Lantern variety, but are life-like photographic reproductions of actual scenes, places and people, which never tire its audiences. This Moving Picture Machine has caused a rousing enthusiasm wherever it is used.

This Moving Picture Machine which I want to send you FREE, gives clear and life-like Moving Pictures as are shown at any regular Moving Picture show. It flashes moving pictures on the sheet before you. This Machine and Box of Film are FREE—absolutely free to every boy in this land who wants to write for an Outfit, free to girls and free to older people. Read MY OFFER below, which shows you how to get this Marvelous Machine.

How You Can Get This Great Moving Picture Machine—Read My Wonderful Offer to You

HERE IS what you are to do in order to get this amazing Moving Picture Machine and the real Moving Pictures: Send your name and address—that is all. Write name and address very plainly. Mail to-day. As soon as I receive it I will mail you 20 of the most beautiful premium pictures you ever saw—all brilliant and shimmering colors. These pictures are printed in many colors and among the titles are such subjects as *"Betsy Ross Making the First American Flag"*—*"Washington at Home,"*—*"Battle of Lake Erie," etc.* I want you to distribute these premium pictures on a special 40-cent offer among the people you know. When you have distributed the 20 premium pictures on my liberal offer you will have collected $8.00. Send the $8.00 to me and I will immediately send you FREE the Moving Picture Machine with complete Outfit and the Box of Film.

50,000 of these machines have made 50,000 boys happy. Answer at once. Be the first in your town to get one.

A. E. FLEMING, Secy.,
615 W. 43d Street, Dept. 142, New York

PLEASE USE COUPON

Free Coupon

Good for Moving Picture Offer

Simply cut out this Free Coupon, pin it to a sheet of paper, mail to me with your name and address written plainly, and I will send you the 20 Pictures at once. Address

A. E. FLEMING, Secy.,
615 W. 43d St., Dept. 142, New York

FISHING IN SHARK LOWER CALIFORNIA

The shark fishing industry is becoming increasingly important in the Ensenada Consular district, writes United States Consul William C. Burdett, stationed in Lower California. The Lower California shark, known locally as the dogfish shark, is from four to five feet long and weighs from 90 to 125 pounds. The fishing is usually done by individual fishermen working out from camps on land. The fish are caught on long set lines, on which are fifty to one hundred hooks baited with small fish or lumps of shark meat.

The fins are sold for consumption by Chinese in shark fin soup. The liver is boiled down and shark oil rendered out. Each liver gives an average of one gallon of oil. The oil is used in paints and as a leather preservative. The skins are not utilized, except for fertilizer. Frequently shark steaks are sold by Chinese in the district under the name of grayfish.

The large canneries operating fish fertilizer plants in San Diego, Cal., are eager to buy shark, and the newly finished plant at Sauzal, Lower California, expects to specialize on converting shark fertilizer.

BE SURE TO READ

"Moving Picture Stories"

A Weekly Magazine Devoted to Photoplays and Players.

PRICE SEVEN CENTS PER COPY

The Best Film Magazine on Earth

FOR SALE ON ALL NEWS-STANDS.

Magnificent Colored Cover Portraits of Prominent Screen Performers!

32 PAGES OF READING . **OUT EVERY FRIDAY**

Each Number Contains Portraits and Biographies of Actors and Actresses—Four Stories of the Best Films on the Screens—Elegant Half-tone Scenes from the Plays—Interesting Articles About Prominent People in the Films—Doings of Actors and Actresses in the Studios—Lessons in Scenario Writing—Poems, Jokes and every bright Feature of Interest in Making Moving Pictures.

THIS LITTLE MAGAZINE GIVES YOU MORE FOR YOUR MONEY THAN ANY OTHER SIMILAR PUBLICATION ON THE MARKET.

Its authors are the very best that money can procure; its profuse illustrations are exquisite, and its special articles are by the greatest experts in their particular line. No amount of money is spared to make this publication the very best of its kind in the world. Buy a copy NOW from your newsdealer, or send 7 cents in money or postage-stamps, and we will mail you, postage free, any issue you desire.

HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher, 166 West 23d Street, New York City